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SONG OF THE FLAIL.

In the autumn, when the hollows
 All are filled with flying leaves,
 And the colonies of swallows
 Quit the quaintly stuccoed eaves,
 And a silver mantle glistens
 Over all the misty vale,
 Sits the little wife and listens
 To the beating of the flail,
 To the pounding of the flail —
 By her cradle sits and listens
 To the flapping of the flail.

The bright summer days are over
 And her eye no longer sees
 The red bloom upon the clover,
 The deep green upon the trees;
 Hushed the songs of finch and robin,
 With the whistle of the quail;
 But she hears the mellow throbbing
 Of the thunder of the flail,
 The low thunder of the flail —
 Through the amber air the throbbing
 And reverberating flail.

In the barn the stout young thresher
 Stooping stands with rolled-up sleeves,
 Beating out his golden treasure
 From the ripped and rustling sheaves;
 Oh, was ever knight in armor —
 Warrior all in shining mail —
 Half so handsome as her farmer
 As he plies the flying flail,
 As he wields the flashing flail? —
 The bare-throated, brown young farmer,
 As he swings the sounding flail?

All the hopes that saw the sowing,
 All the sweet desire of gain,
 All the joy that watched the growing
 And the yellowing of the grain,
 And the love that went to woo her,
 And the faith that shall not fail —
 All are speaking softly to her
 In the pulses of the flail,
 Of the palpitating flail —
 Past and Future whisper to her
 In the music of the flail.

In its crib their babe is sleeping,
 And the sunshine from the door
 All the afternoon is creeping
 Slowly round upon the floor;
 And the shadows soon will darken,
 And the daylight soon must pale,
 When the wife no more shall hearken
 To the tramping of the flail,
 To the dancing of the flail —
 When her heart no more shall hearken
 To the footfall of the flail.

And the babe shall grow and strengthen,
 Be a maiden, be a wife,
 While the moving shadows lengthen
 Round the dial of their life;
 Theirs the trust of friend and neighbor,
 And an age serene and hale,

When machines shall do the labor
 Of the strong arm and the flail,
 Of the stout heart and the flail —
 Great machines perform the labor
 Of the good old-fashioned flail.

But when, blessed among women,
 And when, honored among men,
 They look round them, can the brimming
 Of their utmost wishes then
 Give them happiness completer?
 And can ease and wealth avail
 To make any music sweeter
 Than the pounding of the flail?
 Oh, the sounding of the flail!
 Never music can be sweeter
 Than the beating of the flail!

J. T. Trowbridge in Harper's Magazine for September.

AS THE HEART HEARS.

I KNOW that I never can hear it, never on
 earth any more,
 I know the music of my life with that silenced
 voice is o'er;
 Yet I tell you, that never across the fells, the
 wild west wind can moan,
 But my sad heart hears, close, true, and clear,
 the thrill of his earnest tone.

I know that I never can listen, with these mor-
 tal ears of mine,
 To the step that meant joy and gladness, in
 the days of auld lang syne;
 Yet I tell you the long waves never break in
 the hollows of the cove,
 But they mimic in their rise and fall the tread
 I used to love.

I know the melody that you sing, with its deli-
 cate memoried words,
 Is nothing but measured language, well set
 unto music's chords;
 Yet I tell you, as you breathe it, my dead life
 wakes again,
 I laugh to its passionate gladness, I weep to
 its passionate pain.

I know the beck that tinkles, beside the forget-
 me-nots there,
 Is nothing but water rippling where the wil-
 lows shimmer fair;
 Yet I tell you, for me it murmurs, the very
 words he said,
 When We, and the Year, and Love were fresh,
 in the golden day that is dead.

Aye, Youth is proud, and gay, and bold; still
 this is left for us,
 Who sit 'neath the yellowing tree leaves, and
 listen to silence thus;
 It has life in its April glory, it has hope with
 its smiles and tears,
 We live alone with Nature and Time, and
 hear, as the hush'd heart hears.

All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.

MOTLEY'S JOHN OF BARNEVELD AND
SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DIPLOMACY.*

WITH the publication of these two volumes Mr. Motley has brought to a close a series of most meritorious intellectual labours. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands from 1584 to 1609," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," form a fine and continuous story, of which the writer and the nation celebrated by him have equal reason to be proud; a narrative which will remain a prominent ornament of American genius, while it has permanently enriched English literature on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. We congratulate warmly the indefatigable man of letters from beyond the seas, who has ransacked the archives of the Hague, Brussels, and London, who has come to rank as the greatest authority concerning one of the chief episodes in the history of European peoples, who has compiled from original documents, and, as it may fairly be said in view of the general public, for the first time, an important and entertaining and very instructive chapter in universal history.

A citizen of the United States and an experienced diplomatist, Mr. Motley was by sympathy and training alike fitted to be the historian of "the United Provinces." The zest and thoroughness with which he identifies himself with the spirit of the Nederlanders give a genuine and solid value to his compositions; they are a constant stimulus to his industry and love of research; they spur him on, as he rummages among State-papers or deciphers the unprinted letters, "in handwriting perhaps the worst that ever existed" (vol. i. p. ix), from which, as he tells us, he had to win the materials for his last book. Again, his own life as a servant of the State has implanted in him tastes which otherwise might not have had encouragement from him. By

nature he is fondest of swift political and military action. A statesman by profession, he has dared to dedicate nearly 800 pages to the last nine years of John of Barneveld's life; and neither for ourselves as critics, nor on the part of his larger audience, are we in the least, on this account, disposed to grumble at him.

American historians turn generally with a strong appetite to the history of Spain, and next in order to those old Spanish territories in the Low Countries where they find so early the name of "the Republic." So Washington Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, and quite recently, beside Mr. Motley, Mr. Kirk, the historian of the prelude to Mr. Motley's period, the biographer of Charles the Bold. At the opening of the history of the New Western World, the Burgundian-Habsburg dynasty occupied a place not very unlike that occupied by the Roman Cæsars when the history of Western Europe began. This has been felt by American historians, as a rule; it has been felt, for instance, by both Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley. It has affected, with characteristic difference, the imagination of each of these two writers. It gave a lofty and dignified charm to Mr. Prescott's style and historical fancy. Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Diocletian, all seemed to enter as indirect memories into Mr. Prescott's view of Charles V. Mr. Motley's clever sketch of Charles V. is, on the other hand, a burlesque; and from his grotesque caricature of Philip II. few of the combined vices of Tiberius, Claudius, and Domitian are absent. He at times flings about his pen as if it were the brush of some angry Dutch painter turning from studies of coarse village interiors and herds of cattle, stung by his country's wrongs to portray and to gibbet the beast and savage under the purple and the crown. For, with Mr. Motley, every physical and mental trait, in almost every one who has the unhappiness to wield sovereign power, becomes monstrous and deformed. There never was a dwarf Laurin or a sprite Rübezahl, an elf-king or gnome-king, so despicable or distorted as Philip of Spain in Mr. Motley's pages, or, for the matter of that, as

* *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D., &c. Two vols. London, 1874.

James of England and Scotland. For an out-and-out enthusiast for democratic institutions, at all times and in all places, commend us to Mr. Motley. We would venture, in a whisper, to remind him that both the Hague and Brussels, not to speak of London, are seats of monarchies, and that notwithstanding, or rather because of, all their past, with a portion of which he is so well acquainted, the Dutch, Belgians, and English — poor, benighted beings that they are — must be said to be on the whole well contented to have it so. A European reader would be irritated, if he were not still more amused, at the perpetual cry of "Democracy forever." We cannot resist the temptation which invites an Englishman, a little restive under Mr. Motley's lash, to extract a passage, which with very slight alterations — not very warily Mr. Motley himself inserts the allusion which suggests them — might surely describe not only the Europe of Rudolf II. and Ferdinand II.

The Holy Empire, which so ingeniously combined the worst characteristics of despotism and republicanism, kept all Germany and half Europe in the turmoil of a perpetual presidential election. A theatre where trivial personages and graceless actors performed a tragi-comedy of mingled folly, intrigue, and crime, and where earnestness and vigour were destined to be constantly baffled, now offered the principal stage for the entertainment and excitement of Christendom. — Vol. i. p. 11.

With regard to English foreign policy during the times of which he has written, we give up argument with Mr. Motley, for if we commenced upon this topic, we know not when we should end. Quite briefly: we do not agree with his estimate of James the First and his policy, much less do we agree with his estimate of Elizabeth; we should be prepared, were there any necessity, to defend at length English policy toward the Netherlands — that it was tardy, cautious, now and then even foolish and mistaken, we admit; we also assert, that it was generally and ultimately successful and beneficent; were there need of proof, we should refer to the history of Holland and England, — always remem-

bering who were then the foes of both countries — in, amongst others, the concluding years of the seventeenth century. Sometimes we have felt surprise and mortification that America, possessing such promising historical scholars, should have turned her back so entirely on English history — we do not forget some most admirable chapters on English history in Mr. Kirk's book — but with some of Mr. Motley's observations in our mind, we confess, for the moment, to feeling every inclination to be gratefully acquiescent in the decrees which have ruled in this particular heretofore under the merciful Fates.

To pass on. Mr. Motley's rough, sturdy, but highly picturesque English is remarkably adapted to his subject. Here and there, indeed, one might quarrel with a faint "Batavian" phrase or term. Such a word as "disreputation" (i. p. 320, and ii. p. 241) grates rather on the ear. The following is a more than Batavian, is a Siamese sentence: —

The consummate soldier, the unrivalled statesman, each superior in his sphere to any contemporary rival, *each supplementing the other, and making up together, could they have been harmonized, a double head such as no political organism then existing could boast*, were now in hopeless antagonism to each other. — Vol. ii. pp. 151-2.

We cannot make out whether Mr. Motley means us to see a superhuman or a ludicrous exhibition of crime and podagra, when, in one long sentence, he writes of an arch-offender, "Epneron, the true murderer of Henry," that he "*trampled on courts of justice and councils of ministers*," that he "*smothered forever the process of Ravallac*," "and that he *strode triumphantly over friends and enemies throughout France, although so crippled by the gout that he could scarcely walk up stairs*." (Vol. i. p. 230.)

But ordinarily Mr. Motley's style, if not free from blemishes, is very effective. Indeed we could not easily mention another historian who possesses so fully the art of bringing the actors and localities of the Past back into reality and into the very presence of his readers. And these last two volumes have all the

excellence in this respect of their predecessors. The account, to cite one instance, of Henry IV. of France is most brilliant, and at the same time we think neither unjust nor unsound. Mr. Motley shines particularly when he has to deal with startling contradictions and exaggerations in character. We are not sure that the mystery of Henry's death is not darkened beyond what history demands by Mr. Motley, who strikes us as too credulous of the wild reports that flew about close to the event. But, as a whole, the picture is full of truth as of colour. And with what illustrious historians is Mr. Motley here competing! In his elaborate likeness of Henry, he has drawn that complex creature in every mood and in all lights. How masterly is, also, this little vignette, sketched in a couple of strokes!

Strange combination of the hero, the warrior, the voluptuary, the sage, and the school-boy — it would be difficult to find in the whole range of history a more human, a more attractive, a more provoking, a less venerable character. — Vol. i. pp. 221-2.

The principal fault of Mr. Motley's Dutch histories, with which we are impressed more than ever now that the succession of them is finished, and we have re-read them as a set of works extending over the sixteenth century — it implies more praise to him as a Dutch, than deduction from him as a European, historian — lies in the position which he gives to the story he has chosen to relate. He writes of the Low Countries as though in them was the centre of interest of the sixteenth century, as if not only in the history of military affairs, but everywhere, in Politics and Thought, the Low Countries were right in the foreground, starting and proclaiming the prospectus of independence. We demur to this, and will attempt to give the grounds of our demurrer.

We propose to make use of the present opportunity to review rapidly the situation and the perils of Christendom in the latter half of the sixteenth century. We shall try to trace the main springs to such lives as that of Barneveld. And we hope that our sketch will be of some ser-

vice to readers of Mr. Motley's works, even though purposely we shall only rarely and incidentally touch upon the history of the Netherlands. We hope that we may enable them to connect the movement and the chiefs concerning whom he writes, with wider movements and heroes of even greater originality and more splendid parts. In this sort of survey, not easily to be compressed at all into the room at our disposal, the private and separate fortunes of any single individual can occupy our attention only in a subordinate degree. We must send our readers to Mr. Motley's last book for the history of John of Barneveld, which deserves their affectionate and studious perusal. A word or two we desire to devote to him, and this the more, since, for our objects, the epoch of his later life will not require such ample notice as the epoch to which the formation of the principles by which he was actuated belongs. John of Barneveld was one of the pupils, not one of the teachers, of the age, and yet the stubborn and rugged force of the Advocate of Holland will leave its distinct mark on the tide of public and universal revolutions.

Seldom have a prominent politician's life and character corresponded so nearly with the extent and bias of an accurately limited time and of a widely diffused sentiment. His chequered and protracted career touches at their extremities the limits of a momentous period. His birth took place a few months after the death of Martin Luther; he was executed a few months after the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. His biography expands naturally into a history of the Netherlands for more than seventy years. His activity as a lawyer and a publicist accompanies through every stage the rebellion of the United Provinces, and their transformation into free and prosperous states. It is scarcely too much to say of his pen, that it summarized, that it often directed and overruled the conduct of diplomatic business throughout the several leading kingdoms of Western Europe, during days when glorious pages in English and French, as well as in Dutch, annals were being filled in. Un-

der the eye of princes like Elizabeth Tudor, William the Silent, and Henri Quatre, there were assigned to no man such difficult negotiations and such dangerous missions as to him: nor did any man recommend himself for the fullest confidences by such noble proofs of sagacity and integrity. And there is no event which points more impressively the growing frowardness of impure motives, the lurking strength of jealousy and violence, the half-unconscious, the none the less wicked, usurpations of military and dynastic ambition than the trial or, to use the words employed long ago by Lord Macaulay, "the judicial murder" of John of Barneveld. That grey and venerable head fell as a kind of signal of war. An end was made of truce and prudence, and to the contrivances and precautions of cabinets.

The scaffold which was erected for the 13th of May, 1619, on the Binnenhof at the Hague, claims to be commemorated beyond many a bloody field where thousands may have perished in a paltry cause. The words of a score of synods and councils, in defence of whose prolix decisions it would be vain to tempt philosopher or patriot to risk reputation and to sacrifice life, are outweighed by a few broken utterances, in which the staunch old steward of constitutional privilege, in the sight of the people he had served, and of the ministers of divine and human law who had doomed him to the block, summed up his account and bade farewell to the republic: "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally . . . Christ shall be my guide . . . Be quick about it. Be quick." The "quick" act of the executioner declared how much, at all events for a while, the laborious achievements of statesmanship were despised and discredited. With the work of Barneveld, much of that of Sully and of the Cecilis might be held to have been undone. Worse furies than those which their wisdom had managed to quell, or at least to restrain, were to be let loose. What were the campaigns in the Low Countries when compared with the devastation about to overwhelm Germany and the adjacent territories! Was not the fiery fame of Alva and his Spaniards to grow almost pale beside that of Tilly and Wallenstein, of Banner and Torstenson, of the Swedes and the Croats, and the whole huge mercenary rabble, without name and nearly without number, which for upwards of a quarter of a century re-

newed far and near in Central Europe the miseries of the dark ages, and the aspect of the great national migrations!

Charles V. ruled for thirty-six years. The year 1556 may be taken as historically the central year of the century; chronologically it divides it into two fairly equal halves. That is the date when — one year after his mother's death, one year after he had, with tears flowing down his cheeks, his broken frame supported on the shoulder of young William of Orange, bidden farewell to the Netherlands, his favourite provinces, and then, warned by a comet, had ("Me mea fata vocant," he exclaimed) hurried from Brussels — the last great Emperor entered the monastery of Juste. The words placed in his mouth in Count von Platen's poem, suit well the occasion: —

Nacht ist's, und Stürme sausen für und für,
Hispanische Mönche, schliesst mir auf die
Thür!

Bereitet mir, was euer Haus vermag,
Ein Ordenskleid und einen Sarkophag!

Nun bin ich vor dem Tod den Todten gleich,
Und fall' in Trümmern, wie das alte Reich.*

He had been outwitted by Maurice of Saxony; he had been foiled by the French before Metz; he had been forced to grant equal privileges with Catholic to Lutheran Electors, Princes, Estates; he had been humbled in the centre of his patrimonial and in the centre of his imperial power; he had trembled at Innsbruck, he had yielded at Augsburg; he had sent his son Philip beyond the seas, bridegroom to Aragonese Mary, now at last the Catholic Queen. In England he had hoped the days of Ferdinand and Isabella would renew themselves, his family-tree would strike root and flower again. "Philip and Mary," cried the herald at the wedding, "King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland." But there was no blessing on that "bloody" reign, there came no heir from the Spanish match. And if Charles looked to Rome, it was to see a new and vigorous Pope, as Cardinal Caraffa, the bitterest and unreconciled enemy of his house and policy: a new Pope, he

* "Tis night, and the storm rages more and more,
Ye Spanish monks, open to me the door.

And, as you may afford, for me provide
A coffin, and your order's garb beside.

So, gathered to the dead while I expire,
I fall to ruins like the old Empire."

was elected May 23rd, 1555: a vigorous Pope, though in his eightieth year, who remembered the free political atmosphere of Italy in the fifteenth century, and longed to breathe it again. "Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder," Paul IV. used to mutter to himself over the thick, black, brimstone-flavoured Neapolitan wine, of which he was fond, thinking of the Spaniards who had overrun the country where he and his beverage were native. Charles could carry the burden of affairs no longer, he would try no more to sustain the universal Church and to pacify the universal State. It was a toil beyond the strength of a man. Later, just before his death, he was heard to say, "In manus tuas tradidi ecclesiam tuam." Physical weakness had told on him, his personal sins oppressed him, he was troubled how to make his own peace with God. Care was taken that the view from his rooms should be bounded by the walls of the convent garden, and that his sleeping-chambers should be placed so that he might follow the chapel music and the service of the mass. Yet heresy tracked him into his last asylum. There was no escape from it. And, as people liked to relate whether the story was quite true or not, the hopelessness of his task among men had come home to his mind most as he worked among mechanisms; he had found it impossible only to bring two clocks to tick in unison.

Charles V. might turn in despair from the world, but the hopes which had animated Catholicism and Spain at the dawn of the century were not extinguished. And Catholicism and Spain — though not always as represented by the House of Habsburg and the Papacy, were at the middle of the century far more closely allied than at the beginning. The year of Charles V.'s abdication is in the annals of Catholicism not most memorable on account of that event. The year 1556 is the year in which the greatest saint of Spain — not excepting St. Dominic, the most passionate and reverential worshipper of the mystical Church; not excepting St. Francis — passed away from earth, leaving a large field to his successors, and confident of their joyful harvesting. It is the year in which died Ignatius Loyola. The Order he founded has always retained something of the national character of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. Loyola was born on a frontier, and nourished in the literature and scenery of battles. Then, when he began to be about thirty years old, for his conflict

with the world and Satan is brought by his panegyrists into awful proximity with that of the Divine Being, whose name — is there not here the pride of Spain? — is borne by the Society of Jesus, he was disabled, fighting against the French at the siege of Pamplona, from the further profession of carnal warfare. On his sick-bed, reading *Amadis of Gaul* and legends of the mendicant foundations, he imagined himself called according to the laws of a celestial chivalry to be the knight of the Blessed Virgin. The old wars with the Moors, the contrast in the familiar Spanish romances between Jerusalem and its king and his legions and the Soldan of Babylon, coloured still all his thought. In the spiritual Exercises there is, to this day, commended to the Order "the contemplation of the kingdom of Christ Jesus under the similitude of a terrestrial king calling out his subjects to the strife." On the vigil of the Festival of the Annunciation and before the image of Mary he hung up his sword and took his palmer's staff into his hand; he went then to pray, to confess, and to scourge himself, to fast, a week at a time, to Manresa, and, fitted at length for the journey, he passed on to Jerusalem. He was not allowed to stay there. He was not permitted on his return to Spain to preach without further acquaintance with theology. He travelled humbly to Paris; he was dull at grammar, but he had visions which explained the mysteries of the sacraments and the creeds. To return to Jerusalem was still the idea that governed his plans. From Paris he and a few friends went to Venice; a quaint thread they twine into the life of those capitals of luxury and pleasure. Insuperable difficulties came in the way of the voyage to Syria. The little band fared on to Rome, the object before it continuing to be to preach to Saracens and Indians. The Pope at the time was Paul III., who took no step of importance without observing the constellations and consulting his astrologers. One would like to know what said now the stars and the soothsayers. He sanctioned the new Order in the Bull, "*Regimini Militantis Ecclesiæ*;" it was Spanish in its military organization, in its regimental obedience; the company of Jesus, with Ignatius for first General, restricted for a short time to sixty souls, bound to do all the Pope's bidding, to go anywhere, to Turks, heathens, and heretics, at once, unconditionally, without discussion, without reward. What the Templars had

been — with such modifications as were involved in the times — the Jesuits were to be. The verses in Solomon's Song, which the Temple had applied to itself, might be appropriated by the Company, would suit its distant wanderings, its wealth, the persecutions it inflicted and underwent, its watchfulness, its perpetual peril. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; three-score valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night." The Jesuit was to bend his head forward a little, to keep his eyes downcast, to have on his face a pleasant and calm look, and so forth. Should the Church define that what appears to the sight as white is black, he is to maintain the definition. In his Superior, the Soldier of Christ is to recognize and to worship the Presence, as it were, of Christ. He is to have no will of his own, he is to be as a log of wood, as a corpse, as a stick, which the old man can turn how and whither he likes. At first, a Jesuit might not accept a bishopric; we have quite lately seen with what difficulty a member of the Order was persuaded to receive a cardinal's hat. But from its foundation, the greatest names flocked into the society. Francis Borgia, who when Ignatius died stood over the seven Pyrenean provinces, who was afterwards the third General, had been a duke and a viceroy. When the next century opens, the Jesuits are, in all four continents, at the seats of political life. The Fathers are in Akbar's palace at Lahore, in the Imperial Chamber at Peking, at the court of the Emperor of Ethiopia. One Jesuit founded 300 churches in Japan. Among the Indians of Paraguay the noblest and most enlightened philanthropy of the Order showed itself in the so-called "Reductions," a new experiment in the way of Christian republics. In Europe the Catholic nobility and gentry were schooled in Jesuit seminaries, and the confidential spiritual direction of Catholic monarchs was, nearly universally we may say, exercised by specially trained Jesuit casuists. That Spanish power, which had shot up so rapidly, what a real strength it had put forth! Out of that series of marriages, from Ferdinand and Isabella to Philip and Mary, what a network of domestic and political and also

of hierarchical intrigue had spun itself! How it encumbered Europe and the known world! Castilian priests, who at the commencement of Isabella the Catholic's reign would have been checked by the Guadalquivir, might now roam from the Paraná to the Yantsekiang.

And, though the popes were unwilling servants, they, from Clement VII.'s time onward till long after the sixteenth century had terminated, were at the mercy of Spain and had to attend to her mandates. The independence of Italy, for which Julius, Leo, Clement himself had striven, had come to an end. Southern Italy was altogether Spanish, and the whole peninsula was held by Spanish arms and Spanish agents. The most curious and instructive study in Italian politics is presented in the Council of Trent. The Pope first shrinks from it in terror of Spain, then, reassured and reliant on Spain and for Catholic and Spanish objects, carries it on and concludes it. The Council was a diplomatic training ground for all the nations which took part in it. The rough sketch for the Council was discussed by Charles V. and a Venetian cardinal, who had lived amid the business of the republic and had written a book on the Venetian Constitution. The author of a careful essay on French diplomacy during the sixteenth century, M. Edouard Frémy, gives up, and in our opinion very rightly, his first chapter to an account of the behaviour of the French ambassadors at the later sittings of the Council. The narrative of the Council of Trent was a fine subject for political historians. It was written by a man who cared to unmask its treacherous diplomacy, by a Venetian, Sarpi. It was written again, as against Sarpi, by a Jesuit, Pallavicino. In an appendix to the last volume of his work on the Popes, Professor von Ranke has criticised Sarpi and his opponent. The German historian is, by much, the best living authority on the history of diplomacy: he calls Sarpi the second of modern Italian historians; the first rank he awards to Macchiavelli.

General Councils had been numerous in the preceding century, in which, in fact, they had gone far to supply the place of the papacy. The desire of another Council had been strongly felt under Leo; had very possibly been felt by Adrian, in many respects so exceptional a pope; that desire was urged anew upon Clement. Popes hated Councils. A Medicean pope was likely to have Councils in special hatred. Leo

had taken pains to have it recorded that a pope was above a council. Clement might dread that, were he arraigned before such an assembly, his use of his own money at the time of his election, his use of the funds of the Church since that event, and especially the illegitimacy of his birth, might cost him his chair. At last in 1545 the Council came together. The leaders of the reforming party among the cardinals were there. But they were soon met by the disputants of the new order, the Spaniards Lainez and Salmeron, to whom the word of command had been given by Ignatius Loyola to oppose every change, every novelty. Thus the Jesuits entered into the arena of Theology and European Politics. From that moment to this they have prevented or prejudged General Councils. The persuasion of Loyola had already helped to determine the Pope to listen to Cardinals Caraffa and Burgos, to re-organize the Inquisition, and to establish its head-quarters at Rome. We need not further accompany the Council of Trent through its scholastic windings, its verbose controversies, its pilgrimages from city to city; it is thenceforward in the hands of Pope and Order.

The history of the sixteenth century is, first and foremost, the history of statecraft. This maxim will be our best guide, while we pick our way through the last fifty years of it. In some degree it is a history of great diplomatists on the Imperial and Papal thrones, and it is from those heights that a storm threatens which stirs panic and rouses energy. But it is ultimately a history of politicians with narrower and, as we might say, modern views, lovers of new institutions and constitutions. It is a marked era in the life of nations. Still more does its interest lie in its grand biographies, in which, as in representative statuary, are modelled beforehand, naked and defiant, the instincts and features of peoples. Statesmen never had harder work before them and never had such reason to mistrust themselves. A kind of authority, claiming to be parental, had been long disregarded, it might be, and disliked; but, to dislike and disregard an infirm and inactive parent is quite a different thing from altogether disowning and denying him. For countries to develop slowly, to become stage by stage the homes of national dynasties and churches, the contradiction never becoming very perceptible between their traditions and inclinations, the feeling always being that

a stimulus from within prompted each step, was a very different process from that into which countries were rapidly torn of conflict with powerful, pressing, foreign principles, which, moreover, often seemed to set them at variance with their own past and the piety of their ancestors. How far were these boldly aggressive movements, these revolts, justifiable? how far were they natural? How far was their universal spread stimulated and artificial? how far was it the work of a few selfish and licentious leaders? Never were the imperfections of human nature seen more plainly, felt more keenly, than in that age. We alluded, a little while ago, to the influence of the Society of Jesus at courts. And that influence was in no small measure due to the pains and skill devoted, of set purpose, by the Order to the management of the confessional. In the combats of interest and opinion, conscience, where a man was honest, was constantly baffled; a person, from whom his position demanded that he should lead others, would be in continual want of a guide himself. The same needs existed, where the prescriptions of the Jesuits have never been, on any large scale, applied, where the hostility to Rome was strongest. Men in general were doubtful about their acts and about their motives, which they desired should be approved by God as well as by government. The very same causes, which in some countries threw such power into the hands of the Jesuits, in other countries produced a multiplication of sects, until it looked probable that Christianity would soon have as many various subdivisions as there were Christian congregations. Wherever a man would undertake the control and cure of souls, there was sure to be no lack of souls anxious and wishful to be cared for. Many explained these symptoms in communities to mean the dissolution of the whole life of communities. They refused to believe that a Henry VIII. or a Gustavus Wasa could be a saviour of society. The real question to them, they said, was not at all a question of ecclesiastical doctrine or of royal supremacy. It involved the first rules of morality. And, though popes might sometimes be bad in morals, were not monarchs usually so? Would it do not to hold reserved the highest place, in the sight of all nations, for a potentate, who had once embodied and who might again embody Moral Greatness. What was happening? Lassitude was sapping

the vital force of the people, luxury that of the courts. What prospect could be more doleful? One saw cities swayed by the filthiest and most blasphemous ravings of demagogues, and, in the country, peasants were rallying on behalf of the lowest of the older superstitions or on the behalf of communistic heresies.

The lives which have been, in their example and result, most beneficent to humanity, have been at the last consumed by a sense of loneliness and failure; and it may be, that always after intense effort, whether on the part of a person or a combination of persons, a corresponding slackness of mental fibre is inevitable.

"Post tenebras lux" is the ancient motto of the town of Geneva, on which the dawn and the warmth of the sun break from behind the wall of the Alps and of eternal snow. In the heraldic bearings of the city meet the Eagle and the Keys, the symbols of Cæsar and of St. Peter. On the very geography of Geneva and on all her fortunes there is set the seal of an international vocation. Fable makes Geneva four centuries older than Rome, and the eldest daughter of Troy. History connects the site with the opening event in Cæsar's Western campaigns. Here was the frontier of the Allobroges, the allies of the Romans, where Cæsar met and turned aside the unwieldy caravan of the Helvetians. In our own time, Geneva stands in a way of her own between the divergent interests of nations, of labour and capital, of ecclesiastical establishments; she offers a theatre for Alabama arbitrations, for social congresses, for the preaching of Père Hyacinthe. Throughout the Middle Ages and at the rise of modern history she took a very prominent part in the progress of commerce, and was the home of much literary and military activity. "Clef et Boulevard de la Suisse," the city has been styled. Geneva stood on the confines of three languages, of three political organisms, Italy, France, and the Empire. She had a close connection with the trade of Northern and Western Europe through Cologne, with that of the South and East through Florence and Venice; she was in closer neighbourhood and more intimate relations with, at about equal distances, Bern, Lyons, and Turin. And the mountain, the river, the lake—above all natural objects most suggestive to the mind of the traveller on the Continent in the nineteenth century, inviting and familiar as they have been to the typical philoso-

pher, and historian, and poet, dear even to the satirist, of modern Europe—Mont Blanc, the Rhone, Lake Lemman, the delight of the large intellects of Rousseau, Gibbon, Byron, and Voltaire, enliven and define the landscape of Geneva.

In Carolingian times a count of Geneva had governed on behalf of the Roman Empire. In Swabian times, the Emperor had made the bishop of Geneva count. The bishop in his turn gave secular rule under himself to the Count of Savoy, who bore the title of "Vidomne." By degrees this title of vidomne passed—the count at Turin willing it so in order that his relations with Geneva might lose as much as possible the traces of their origin in a delegated authority—from the Count of Savoy to his local officer, the custodian of the island-fortress in the Rhone. We are led to remark how, in the early history of the House of Savoy, the design to reach and enclose Geneva was as warmly nursed and as persistently maintained as, in the later history of that House, the design to reach and to enclose Rome. Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, in the variety and incongruity of the distinctions he accumulated, claims celebrity as having surpassed all his successors. He became, one after the other, Count and Duke of Savoy, Pope of Rome, and Bishop of Geneva (A.D. 1444); at intervals in his career he let his beard grow and lived a hermit at Ripaille. From the times of Amadeus VIII. the bishops of Geneva were mostly members of the ducal family. The ambitious house was increased and extended; at last Geneva was on all sides encompassed by the possessions of the Duke of Savoy. The line which separated the rights of the duke over Geneva from his rights over the territories beyond the city-proper had become the slightest imaginable. But under the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva had sprung up—the plant is a common one in mediæval episcopal purlieus—a further Power, a determined democracy. So far back as 1387 a charter of liberties was granted, which made an important landmark on the road toward the full enjoyment by Geneva of the forms of a republic. Thus the city was one of most diverse population and opinions. It had a most complicated jurisdiction and police. Bishop, Vidomne, and Syndicate were bound by oath to uphold each other's privileges and administration. Then there was the action of the Chapter, of the Vidomne's lieutenant, of the various civic com-

mittees, from the General Council, the Smaller Council, the Council of Sixty, down to the numerous and restless clubs and confraternities — *abbayes et compagnies* — in which the youth of Geneva enrolled itself for the discussion of affairs and for drill and the practice of archery. A street of Geneva was called after the German, a market-hall after the French, merchants. In one part of the city rose a Franciscan, in another an unusually spacious Dominican convent ("le Grand Palais"). Pilgrims crowded to the shrine of St. Victor. A band of the hungry shaggy mountaineers from the Italian side of the Alps, who formed the garrison, might be seen to pass vociferating in their vile Piedmontese jargon on one side of the road, while on the other might stand a group of high-born cathedral dignitaries paying their respects to each other in Ciceronian Latin. Processions, manœuvres, fairs, festivals, traffic kept the town in an unintermittent bustle. There were as many as fifty notaries-public. The fondness of the Genevans for amusement and gaiety, in particular their patronage of allegorical and comic representations, became proverbial. But the joyous and prosperous city had its turbulent and bitter moods, and these recurred more and more often. It knew what it was to be under interdict and under martial law. The first decades of the sixteenth century were spent at Geneva in internal dissensions, quarrels between duke and bishop, bishop and citizens, duke and citizens. Some of the leading citizens had been admitted to the freedom of Freiburg and Bern. Three men of the popular party are famous above the rest: the versatile and eloquent François de Bonnard, who has sometimes been styled the Erasmus of the Genevan Reformation; Philibert Berthelier the favourite of the multitude, with a humorous and a melancholy vein in him, fond of music and conviviality, but amid the clatter of wine-cups imparting to the friend next him his prevision of a violent death,—Berthelier has been called the Egmont of the Genevan struggle for independence; then Bezanson Hugues, the coolest and, as it strikes us, the noblest of the trio, whom, continuing the comparison between Geneva and the Netherlands, we would take leave to think of as a companion spirit to John of Barneveld.

It was in connection with a section of the inhabitants led by Berthelier, Bezanson Hugues, and Bonnard, that a

famous nickname of faction came into vogue at Geneva. The partisans of the Freiburg and Bern "*combourgeoisie*" were called Huguenots, the adherents of Savoy Mamelukes. The word "*Eyguenot*" may with most probability be derived from the German "*Eidgenoss*," the Swiss league being best known as the "*Eidgenossen*," the "*sworn comrades*;" with less probability from the name of the ablest Genevan leader, Bezanson Hugues.*

Anyhow the term had a political before it had a religious meaning, and, whether it be the same with the French party-epithet or not, which is sometimes still a subject of dispute, this description of the term would still be true in both localities. Bezanson Hugues and Berthelier were much more political than ecclesiastical reformers; Bezanson Hugues remained in life and death a Catholic; even Bonnard's revolt from the papal and monastic system had its root in and took its savour from literary rather than moral tendencies in his generation. Of the two implicated towns, Freiburg was strongly Catholic and Bern was Protestant. It was from Freiburg that, in the first instance, the citizens of Geneva had most support and sympathy; later indeed, though not because Geneva freely willed or wished it so, Bern supplanted Freiburg. Geneva passed, without knowing well how and in what direction she was being moved, out of one relation into another. Very slowly and under the sheer compulsion of the Duke of Savoy's policy, with which fell in after countless subterfuges and hesitations that of the bishop, Peter de la Baume, a policy bent on confounding and causing to be confounded the desire for local franchises with the taint of those reviled heresies which were known, like every other novelty, to have made some way in the place,—most slowly was Geneva as a city pressed into pronounced antagonism to Catholic doctrine and the system of the Catholic Church. When the bishop had excommunicated Geneva; when the Archbishop of Vienne, who was metropolitan, and the Pope had confirmed the excommunication; when it was an-

* Kampschulte's "*Calvin*," p. 49. We have to acknowledge great obligations to this book. Not only the University of Bonn and the Old Catholic movement, but historical literature generally, suffered a great loss in the premature death of Professor Kampschulte. Only one out of the three volumes he meant to write on Calvin, had been published when he died. This fragment is a very remarkable example of learning, a still more remarkable example of impartiality.

nounced that the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop of Geneva in concert were levying troops and preparing to take the field against Geneva,—then, and not till then, did Genevan councillors begin to advise with a foreign missionary at whom hitherto they had looked askance, a *protégé* of Bern, which had given him introductions that had hitherto been of small service to him, “the Welsh Luther,” the particular *bête noire* of Erasmus, William Farel;—not until then did Farel become a political personage at Geneva, though thenceforward a forward enough station was taken by him; not until then did the Protestant watchwords become those of Genevan patriotism. By the act of her enemies two courses only were at all open to Geneva. She must make her choice if she would have those enemies thrust back, kept at bay, between two, the only possible allies. Bern or France! Alliance with France could have but one result—union with France. As it was, when, with the help of Bern, Geneva was safe from her old tyrants, she found Bernese statesmen—they had far and wide the reputation—not much less covetous than French, and she was put to no little trouble to preserve her autonomy. Had it not been for her professedly sincere and thorough Protestantism, for the thus assured guarantees of religious affinity and fellowship, Bern would have enforced, as she demanded, the most substantial pledges; she would have annexed the town she had rescued.

At the conclusion of a contest of about thirty years' duration, Geneva had shaken off the yoke of her bishop and of the Duke of Savoy. She had secured what men called her liberty; had she not sacrificed her character? “A tottering republic, a wavering faith, a nascent church,” the sceptical and alarmist observer would have been able to see, as nowhere else, at Geneva, the picture traced for him vaguely in the whole condition of Europe, reproduced in a speaking and highly-finished miniature. The chiefs who had begun the movement had nearly all passed away, and their righteous and moderate enthusiasm was gone with them. In the place of old ecclesiastical foundations, of old patrician and civic authorities, what remained? In numbers the leading Genevan families had gone into exile with all the corporate and ceremonial, all the time-worn and time-honoured, furniture of the past. They had left a blank. The very soul of the city was extinct. How quickly did

Geneva become the byword of Europe for the wildest scenes of debauchery, for as wild scenes of iconoclasm! The frenzied passion for excitement, change, and destruction had but to overleap another hedge or two, and it would have consummated political suicide. What were the materials for a future? Here a poor remnant of the old Genevan stock, the cringing and unworthy children of noble names, who had given up their old beliefs for the sake of having none, who had broken with Catholicism and its dignified official protectors, because they wanted to break with all religion and order; there an unreasoning, insurgent mob collected together by refugee revolutionary preachers, who, as soon as controversy and church-storming were over, lost all love for their untractable flocks, and found, day by day, their posts more untenable.

At this very darkest moment a work was to commence at Geneva, beside which every other previous and later enterprise originated within her walls sinks into insignificance. In July 1536, a poor French man of letters, travelling under an assumed name, tired with his journey, arrived, intending to rest for one night, at Geneva. He met a former companion, Louis du Tillet, who chanced to inform Farel that the author of the “Institutes of the Christian Religion” was in the city. Farel had been for some time at his wit's end; he was through and through conscious of his incompetence as an organizer and legislator; he was full of fear lest, master of so many battle-fields, he should never succeed in making any use of victory. Here, the thought flashed on him at the instant, was in Geneva the very man Geneva required, the writer of a book which, published only a few months before, was on the lips of the entire learned and inquisitive world, which had become already the programme of Protestantism, or, as the Romanist historian Florimund de Raemund put it, “the Koran, the Talmud of Heresy.” The man who had set forth the theory of Protestantism should bring into action the practice of Protestantism. From the bottom of his overtasked, perplexed, ardent, bold heart, Farel determined that Calvin should not leave the spot. He hastened to the stranger's lodgings, and in a few impetuous words forced upon him his plan. Calvin showed astonishment and annoyance. He was, he stated, a young, shy student; his tastes were for quiet, aca-

demic pursuits; he had found his place; and manifestly the first successes, the successes of the sole kind appropriate to his talent and mode of living, which had fallen to him, forbade in him the thought of renouncing his chosen career. But the preacher, who had stood before the stoniest congregations and felt his own fires, who never turned from insult or blow and had shed his blood for his tenets, who had carried by assault church after church, the "Conqueror of Geneva," was not to be daunted when he had at last before him the person for whom he was in his conscience convinced he had through all his past actions been preparing the way. "Thou pratest of thy studies: I tell thee in the name of Almighty God that His curse is upon thee shouldst thou dare to withdraw thyself from this work of the Lord, and hearken to the cry of thine own flesh before the call of Christ." "And I was frightened and shaken as if by God on high, and as though His hand had stopped me on the way," says Calvin, recalling the interview and the marvellous power with which Farel had delivered himself of his message.

Though it is a very modern and, as commonly applied, a somewhat inapplicable phrase, yet we think that one of his recent French biographers has touched exactly Calvin's own thought, when he describes him as undertaking his labours with the intention of making Geneva the capital of an idea. To no one in those days or in ours were the disorders of the sixteenth century more abhorrent. His nicely poised and clear intelligence chafed and struggled and must break through and get to light, wherever the clouds of barbarism and ignorance had defiled the image and dulled the knowledge of truth, Divine and Immaculate. He hated, and with every instinct of a creative and masterful genius he bent his whole strength of character and intellect to wrestle with, chaos. Never was Geneva's motto truer of her than in Calvin's time, "*Post tenebras lux*;" never was its legend of the implacable, agonizing hostility between good and evil, light and darkness, the active Spirit of God and the shapeless, lifeless waters of a lower world, more finely illumined than in the life of Calvin. Calvin is one of those heroes of history who have lived by and acted by the guidance of abstract principles. The common weaknesses of men, such as beset even most great men, are not discernible in him. He is too severe,

too cold; one misses in him not many of the more excellent, but many of the more amiable qualities of the race. The whole earth wore for him, one might say, the air of a strange land. He was never at home, in the domestic and tender sense which the word has, at Geneva or anywhere. How, it has been felt, if a Luther had lived at Geneva instead of a Calvin, would its scenery have been extolled and recapitulated in his "Table Talk"! At Geneva a Luther would never have let any other man but himself translate the Psalms of David. From Geneva a Luther would have preached sermons and sung hymns hardly more inspired by Scripture than by the sublimity of the mountain and the ripple of the lake. Glacier and avalanche, the silence and the sounds of the high Alps, the difficult pass through which he had come, the fragrant meadows in which he had reposed, a Luther would have celebrated in the ears of all the countries of the Reformation. Luther would have somewhere had a word to say, not altogether disparagingly, of that artist of the olden time whose altarpiece had been turned to the wall, who had put St. Peter, fisher of men, founder of the Church, patron of Geneva, out upon those particular waters to net his miraculous draught: "*On y reconnoît parfaitement les deux Monts Salève, le Môle et les Voyrons.*" But to Calvin Geneva was always a foreign city. The records of the city have caught the chill of his presence; that foreigner, that Frenchman, "*iste Gallus*," so run the first entries respecting him. Not the beautiful and well-proportioned aspect, the ugly and disorganized aspect in external life in every province of it struck Calvin most. He came in time to love Geneva to a certain degree, as a sort of city of refuge. And at best Switzerland was to Calvin what the wilderness of Sinai was to Moses: not a promised land, though one hallowed especially in the interference of Providence. In sight of Mont Blanc Calvin re-issued, as peremptorily and as literally, the Divine Word as the Jewish lawgiver had done, and he re-asserted the doctrine of predestination and of a chosen people.

Of himself Calvin, in his voluminous writings, rarely speaks. It is at once an aristocratic haughtiness and a literary taste which restrain him, and also a feeling of the nothingness of personal incidents along the track of one in whom self has been destroyed and whom God speeds onward in a special mission. Nor

need we dwell on his early youth. One coincidence we may notice, the more as it has escaped most of his biographers. At the Collège de Montaigu at Paris he studied dialectics under the same Spanish professor to whose instructions Ignatius Loyola was indebted for his introduction to letters. Until he was about eighteen, Calvin read grammar, philosophy, and theology; then, in accordance with a change in his father's intentions concerning him, law at Orleans and Bourges. After his father's death, while he continued his studies in jurisprudence, he gave special attention to the ancient languages; it was at this period of his life that he made himself acquainted with Greek. With his humanist training came religious doubt. Some years of deliberation followed, during which he thought rather of embracing the literary than either the ecclesiastical or the legal profession. A Reuchlin or an Erasmus was his model. He was again for twelve months at Paris, in the libraries and lecture-rooms. He was there when he published his first work, a commentary on Seneca's treatise on "Clemency." In this exercise, of which he took care to send a copy to Erasmus, Calvin's interest in philological inquiry and in the political questions of his day is the most marked feature; he is still keeping, in his occupations and in his own meditations, his religious scruples as much as he can out of sight and consideration. It is as a young classical scholar that he makes his *début*. But the effort to distract himself was too much for him. Very shortly after the publication of his book must have occurred his "conversion," of which none of the details can be said to be known. We have him immediately the chief of the Protestant learning in Paris. He composed for a friend, who was Rector of the University, a speech, which, delivered on All Saints' Day, roused the indignation of the Sorbonne and made it necessary both for orator and author to flee. From that time, 1533, to the time of his settlement at Geneva, he was wandering from place to place: Angoulême, Noyon, Nerac, Basle, writing now and then a tract or a preface, preparing and at last sending to press the first edition of the literary exploit of his life, the "Institutio Religionis Christianæ." "In doctrine," says Beza of Calvin, "he was always the same, from the beginning to his last breath." It is so. His whole system of theology was finished when he was six-and-twenty years old. And there is

the same smoothness, sureness, want of flaw, in his style as in his mind. From the beginning his writing was as correct as his thought was accurate.

The appearance of the "Institutes of the Christian Religion" is quite as much an incident in the history of French literature as is that of Christianity or of politics. It was probably first sketched in French, though first printed in Latin; here, however, we touch and at once withdraw from a most debatable and unsettled question. Of this there can be no doubt: the French volume, whether ready before or after the Latin, stamped Calvin as a first-rate classical writer in his mother tongue. And he was a French classic from the first moment that he wrote French. The prose of the earliest editions is as perfect as any of Calvin's work. M. Nisard, himself an Academician and the author of the best known modern history of French literature, declares Calvin to have understood far better than the other great contemporary light of literary France, Rabelais, the genius and capacity of the French language, and, out of the magnificent roll of French theologians, to have expressed the truths of religion with a native eloquence never surpassed and never equalled unless by Bossuet. Calvin created, M. Nisard goes on to say, a particular branch of modern, and conspicuously of French, literary composition; he created a new language, that of polemics. He had passed from one French university to another just at the right moments of the sparkling effervescence of the French revival of letters; he had been in contact with the leading teachers in Roman law and ancient scholarship as well as in theology. The two former subjects had exerted over him a strong attraction and had moulded the forms of his mind; a legal and a literary acumen will sharpen and clarify every page of his theology. The political briskness of Francis I. had kindled him; he was on the scent of a new diplomacy. By education a Humanist of Humanists, in intellect a Frenchman of Frenchmen, in morals a Reformer of Reformers, such was Calvin when he took up his abode at Geneva. Now, as so often, Genevan policy is set to general policy. The foreign bishop, the foreign duke, have made way for "iste Gallus," "maître Calvin." "The Aristotle of the Reformation," as his friends called him, had dedicated his book, in a glowing piece of rhetoric, to the King of France, "Christianæ Religionis Insti-

tutio . . . Præfatio ad Christianissimum Regem Franciæ."

Let us note, moreover, even in this hasty view of him, how his French instincts were strengthened during his exile from Geneva in Germany, when the Libertines had for a while got the upper hand of him and driven him out. He wrote letters which are replete with information about the condition of Germany; he had dived deep into the muddle of German political and religious disputations: in his exposition and criticism some perspicuity and brevity can be imparted to them. The heavy and somnolent movements of German princes, and divines offended the polished and sprightly Frenchman. The long and tedious digestive process, in which they mentally lounged and dozed, disgusted Calvin. If he mentioned the pressing subject of the day,—that of discipline, of self-government,—the answer from every German was the same, a deep-drawn sigh. He looked in vain for anything like his ideal in Germany. His patience was exhausted, his fine sense of manners was wounded. "*Novi Germaniæ morem*," he wrote years after in good-humoured sarcasm. He had stored his memory with peccadilloes to be avoided, in that country of conscientious fogginess and organized procrastinations, where, as he complained, at assemblies, which were to be decisive, the authoritative persons never arrived, nor was it expected of them; where the mode of concluding business was to adjourn it; where the object of coming together was to heap document on document, all formularies of concord and mediation between people who meant contentedly to go on forever agreeing to differ.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, the two political powers which overshadowed civilization were the Imperial system, as administered by Charles V., and the Hierarchical system, as represented by such a ruler as Leo X. In the second half of the sixteenth century, Empire and Papacy, greatly modified as they had been, were still most dangerous engines of reaction, and Spain and Italy placed exquisitely trained, and by no means effete, forces at their disposal. He who would understand the essence of the opposition they then aroused, the nature of the issues at stake, the reasons why the sixteenth century draws to it throughout Europe, and wheresoever European thought and speech prevail, such lively attention in the nineteenth,

would, we take it, do well to examine and analyze very minutely the principles and policy of two societies, which, we should further advise, should be approached first in their literary character. We mean the Republic of Geneva, but chiefly the Genevan Academy; and the kingdom of England, but chiefly the Court of Queen Elizabeth. From English history we, for the present, must resolutely turn. English history proper is not the history either of Genevan ideas or of those with which Geneva was at war. But if not in England proper, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, in almost all British colonies, those ideas have had, and, in many instances, continue to have, the mastery; and as under Mary Tudor there was a Spanish, so under the whole line of Stuart there was a Scotch period in the history of the kernel of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the history of England itself. The Academy of Geneva, surrounded by the life of the civic republic, from which idleness, frivolity, and luxury had been expelled, and not quite unhampered, though far less hampered than one would suppose, by a grim and scrutinizing church discipline, remained in its first youth down to 1605, the year of Theodore Beza's death. He was its earliest Rector, whom Calvin had recommended for it, whom he had preferred to himself. After Calvin's death, Beza took up the whole work of Calvin. The Academy got its original endowment from the legacy of his entire estate for its purposes by "the prisoner of Chillon," Bonnivard, the survivor of so many changes at Geneva. It speedily became a centre of culture, letters, and education. Robert Stephens—Robert I., these printers rank in their calling as kings—spent the last eight years of his life at Geneva, printed there some of his best specimens, and died there. His son, Henry II., was a citizen of Geneva; was as much established in that city as in any other. His learning and his labours were universal, and his activity was ubiquitous. He was ever welcome and safe at Geneva. The Stephenses were the finest and most honoured scholars of their day; their fame is as classic as Calvin's. Conrad Badius was another great Genevan printer. Proudest of his press and above everything anxious to produce editions free of errors, he had also a high reputation as a pulpit-divine and as a profound writer. M. Michelet counts as many as thirty printing establishments, working night and

day, at Geneva, and supplying the col-porteurs of Italy, France, England, and the Netherlands. For the Genevan public, the chronicles of the city were written in French; and works, full of lessons of patriotism, such as Josephus and Livy, were translated into that language. Geneva had, Senebier tells us, sixty booksellers' shops. Isaac Casaubon lived for many years at Geneva. The learned of that age spent missionary lives; journeyed from place to place. Geneva was their house of call and harbour of safety. Joseph Justus Scaliger lectured for two years at Geneva, at the same time Francis Hottoman was lecturing there on law. Bonnefoy, the Oriental jurist, of whom Cujas said that he would be the only man fit to supply his own place, had a chair at Geneva. Scrimgeour, professor of philosophy and law, was a Scotchman. Chevalier, the first professor of Hebrew at Geneva was born in Normandy; subsequently he taught Hebrew at Cambridge. Similarly Daneau taught for some time at Geneva, and then passed on to a chair at Leyden, and to a place in the political history of the Low Countries. To careful readers of Mr. Motley, a brief notice of Charles Perrot will commend itself, who was Rector of the Academy in 1570 and again in 1588. The qualities reported of him show a kind of scholar and thinker, whom one would not have suspected at Geneva. Foremost among those qualities was his deep veneration for the ancients. In the album of a favourite pupil—a certain *Uytendogaert*—he inscribed the words, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." It is also on record that a book by him was suppressed after his death, entitled "*De Extremis in Ecclesiâ vitandis*." Let us turn to one man's library table and catch a glimpse of the extent of the personal associations into which the student of Geneva, as he raised his eyes from his page, as he scattered the products of his brain abroad, entered. Beza dedicated the folio second edition of his New Testament, in Greek and Latin, to Queen Elizabeth of England, the octavo edition to the Prince of Condé and the French nobility; he presented a famous manuscript of the Gospels and Acts to the University of Cambridge; he left by will a Greek manuscript of the New Testament to Sully; when his hand began to fail, in order to prevent—though the effort turned out a vain one, for the volumes cannot be traced—the dispersal of

a precious collection, he sold six hundred louis d'ors' worth of books to a house-pupil of his, a Moravian seigneur, George Sigismund of Zastrizl. With Mr. Motley's last pages in our minds, we may not forget how Barneveld in his extremity turned to the shade of Beza, the "Pope of the Huguenots," the Genevan psalmodist.

After an hour he called for his *French Psalm Book*, and read in it for some time.—Vol. ii., p. 374.

The clergymen then re-entered and asked if he had been able to sleep. He answered, "No, but that he had been much consoled by many noble things which he had been reading in the *French Psalm Book*."—Vol. ii. p. 376.

"Will my lord please to prepare himself?"

"Very well, very well," said the prisoner.

"Shall we go at once?"

But Walaecus suggested a prayer. Upon its conclusion, Barneveld gave his hand to the provost-marshal and to the two soldiers, bidding them adieu, and walked downstairs, attended by them, to the chamber of the judges. As soon as he appeared at the door, he was informed that there had been a misunderstanding, and he was requested to wait a little. He accordingly went upstairs again with perfect calmness, sat down in his chamber again, and read in his *French Psalm Book*.—Vol. ii. p. 381.

Let us also remember, how to this Protestant Rome exiles and fugitives gathered. There was an English church with English services at Geneva as early as 1555, an Italian church with Italian services in 1551, a little later a Spanish church with Spanish services. In the year 1558, we read that in one morning 279 persons became permanent residents at Geneva, namely, 50 Englishmen, 200 Frenchmen, 25 Italians, and 4 Spaniards.

But pre-eminently as a High School for the youth of Europe does Geneva claim attention and the lasting gratitude of civilization. As the chief lights of learning settled for a longer or shorter stay at Geneva, so too did future soldiers and statesmen from the leading aristocratic families of the Continent, in a remarkable degree from the more decentralized countries of Europe—as Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, the Netherlands, North Britain—travel to Geneva as the resort of classical culture and the cradle of a fresh and hopeful political life. Theodore Beza was at once the head of Calvinistic Geneva and of the science and literature of Protestant politics in Europe until the century had closed. He was the one Reformer who lived right through the sixteenth into the seventeenth cen-

tury. In 1600 he preached, it was a pious but not a prophetic discourse, from the text, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Beza, like Calvin, was a Frenchman. He took a personal part in French politics. He was a man of high descent and of majestic visage, a poet, a courtier, a strict Calvinist about whom there was no outside appearance of the Puritan, a diplomatist at ease among cardinals and fine ladies, an adept at epigrams and complimentary verses. Throughout the religious strife in Florence he was appealed to and he gave counsel; at the conference of Poissy he and the Cardinal of Lorraine were matched against one another. Henry IV. after his apostasy still revered Beza; when he met him, embraced him, sought to please him, addressed him as "Father." Beza was the spiritual father and political guide of the Colignis, the Rohans, the D'Aubignés, the Sullys, pure and earnest Christian nobles, as virtuous as they were valiant, rushing on the field like a mountain torrent, over every obstacle, and — for a space, so long as they remembered Beza and the Fountain-head of their prowess — among the polluted and miry currents of royal and aristocratic French life, bright and unstained like a mountain torrent.

The narrative of the Religious Wars in France and of their connection with Geneva has an exact counterpart in Scotland. For Katharine of Medici, there are the two Maries: Mary of Guise and "the Queen of Scots." For Admiral Coligni, there is the Regent Murray. For Calvin, there is — a sterner and, in planting an undying seed, a more successful Calvinist than Calvin — the most congenial and fervid disciple of the master, John Knox. For Beza, there is Andrew Melville, who had been for ten years of his life at Geneva and among the Huguenots. For Beza's pupil, Henry of Navarre, there is Melville's pupil, James of Scotland, on whom London acted as Paris on Henri Quatre, leading him away to Prelacy.

We observed above, that the Slavonian countries sent their young nobility, in considerable numbers, to Geneva. No nationality took a larger place in Beza's mind. Zastrizl bought, as we have seen, that it might remain together and be transplanted to his own country, the bulk of Beza's library. Charles of Zierotin excelled in his time among the younger scholars of Geneva; there he learnt to love Plato and Plutarch, to admire Beza

as the greatest man of that age, to comprehend the world-wide significance of the struggle his own Hussite forefathers had begun. When he had finished his studies at Geneva, Zierotin visited the West. He saw England, where he became a bosom friend of Robert, Earl of Salisbury. A few years later he came all the way from his family castle to take part in one of Henry IV.'s campaigns. His after-career was devoted to the public service of his country, he became its leading statesman — Landeshauptmann of Moravia, — he remained an important personage in the politics of Eastern Europe until the very eve of the Thirty Years' War.

How much the Netherlands owed to the political model and teaching of Geneva our readers will have learnt, or can easily learn, from Mr. Motley's present work and from his previous writings.

More practical, and so more profitable, than a study of Athens in her prime, of Rome in the palmiest days of the Republic, was, in full sixteenth century, the study of Geneva herself. Nowhere had there been in State and Church such disunion, in moral character and in mental sinew such decrepitude, as at Geneva, when, as one might well deem, God's hand and the voice of Farel arrested Calvin. And on the very "Slough of Despond" Calvin had planted a good and substantial city. All Europe took courage. What Luther had done for the individual, Calvin had done for the State. After Calvin's work, there could no longer be any doubt about the stability, the vitality, of the political movement into which that work was linked; there could be no doubt that Christianity could exist without the Roman Papacy, and civilization without the Imperial system. A mass of political superstitions was exploded. And where were thews and muscles, where were military authority and rigour, where were religious zeal and discipline, where was rational and logical statesmanship to be found, if not among the Calvinists of the seventeenth century?

Every one, we suppose, is conscious of his proneness to think of periods of a hundred years, of centuries, as if these were something more than just conventional arrangements for chronological purposes, as if an integral change took place in universal human character at such an epoch as the year 1500 or 1600. We speak continually, say of the nineteenth century, as if there were some

greater inherent distinction between the years 1799 and 1800 than between the years 1800 and 1801. However, it is a subject for thankfulness that on such a matter a little mental carelessness is not very misleading. For it is evident enough that, roughly stated, in a hundred years, in the course of about three generations, the general fashion of things does alter, the origin of leading maxims falls out of record, necessary re-adjustments have to be made, points of departure have to be recovered. Political memory is bounded much as domestic memory. Tradition has no real and healthy life when it ceases to be oral, when it reaches backward beyond the tales of a grandfather. It loses its hold as an instinct, as a nature, when it is not bred at home and current from the nursery, when it begins to depend upon the training of the schools and calculations grounded on the maturer experiences of him who allows it to weigh with him. Tradition will not do instead of faith; unless, at least, it falls from the lips of one to whom it is faith, not tradition. So it is that, when a hundred years have passed since Charles, Leo, Henry, Francis trod the stage, the eye looks in vain for anything that resembles them. What strides diplomacy and national spirit have taken! It needs an effort to find predecessors for Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstiern, Richelieu, Turenne, John Pym, Oliver Cromwell. Not that there is a breach in the history; yet how independent is the century, how different the age, how new the field!

On the threshold of those other times we pause, our limits are reached, and the task we had set ourselves is — as we are well aware, rather in the way of hint than of exposition — most imperfectly accomplished. And for the present we must part with Mr. Motley. He is a writer to whom the public is much indebted, and whom it will be always pleased to meet again. We can well understand Mr. Motley's eagerness at the turn to which his studies have brought him, and with his relish for heroic incident and example, to leave "the narrow precincts of the Netherlands."

In one of the most ancient and famous libraries in this country hang in a conspicuous position two paintings rich in historical, indeed in romantic, attractions. Of the first picture one would guess, had one no other index but the artist's labour, that the man presented in it had been of

noble and interesting quality, apt to entertain high hopes and rash designs, though there has come a look into his face as of amazement at some suddenly unveiled prospect of power and renown; one would guess that he would be bold and dashing in onset, and that at the beginning of a fray others would readily appeal to him, but that he might be proved too pliable and irresolute as the cavalier, in command through desperate encounters, of a cause where brain and heart should show as sure and firm as stroke of sword or seat in saddle. The other likeness, though not so well authenticated, suits even more admirably the individual it is reported to represent. A lady stands holding a lance; she wears a soldier's slouched hat covered with heavy yellow plumes which flap over her face and mix with her hair; a black and a red feather, half hidden in the background, join to make up the proud imperial colours of the head-dress; a closely-fitting string of pearls is round her neck, her black robe has sleeves of slashed yellow silk, and a yellow scarf is pinned with a jewel over the right shoulder. The male figure is that of the fugitive from the battle on the White Hill of Prague, the female that of his wife. Granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, sister of Charles I., aunt of Charles II., her manner and physiognomy bear resemblance to each of these among her illustrious kindred, while they are eloquent besides of an originality and of adventures quite her own. It has by chance happened that the preceding pages were for the most part written in the shadow of these portraits. Thus we have been constantly reminded of the act which was to follow next in the drama of European history upon those we have been contemplating — of the conflict, some of the premonitory symptoms of which along the western borders of the Continent Mr. Motley, in the work before us, has ably and carefully described. Most cordially do we wish the historian of the Dutch Republic good speed to his narrative of the Thirty Years' War. His practised and still active hand will, we trust, give new life and spirit to the scenes in which the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia* assumes

* We have tried to give an idea of a presumed portrait of her. She connects, we need scarcely remind our readers, the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, James I.'s daughter, George I.'s grandmother. Her mental charms were celebrated by Sir Henry Wotton in the well-known lines, beginning,

"You meaner beauties of the night."

among princesses an engaging and uncommon attitude, and it will find its grasp and cunning strained to their utmost effort, as it disentangles destinies not less troubled, but of far deeper import and more lasting influence than those of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, "King for a Winter"—as Carlyle expands the metaphor—"built of mere frost, a snow-king altogether soluble again."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XXXIV,

HOME AGAIN: A JUGGLER.

THAT same evening at dusk Gabriel was leaning over Coggan's garden-gate, taking an up-and-down survey before retiring to rest.

A vehicle of some kind was softly creeping along the grassy margin of the lane. From it spread the tones of two women talking. The tones were natural and not at all suppressed. Oak instantly knew the voices to be those of Bathsheba and Liddy.

The carriage came opposite and passed by. It was Miss Everdene's gig, and Liddy and her mistress were the only occupants of the seat. Liddy was asking questions about the city of Bath, and her companion was answering them listlessly and unconcernedly. Both Bathsheba and the horse seemed weary.

The exquisite relief of finding that she was here again, safe and sound, overpowered all reflection, and Oak could only luxuriate in the sense of it. All grave reports were forgotten.

He lingered and lingered on, till there was no difference between the eastern and western expanses of sky, and the timid hares began to limp courageously round the dim hillocks. Gabriel might have been there an additional half-hour when a dark form walked slowly by. "Good-night, Gabriel," the passer said.

It was Boldwood. "Good-night, sir," said Gabriel.

Boldwood likewise vanished up the road, and Oak shortly afterwards turned indoors to bed.

Farmer Boldwood went on towards Miss Everdene's house. He reached the front, and approaching the entrance, saw a light in the parlour. The blind was not drawn down, and inside the room was Bathsheba, looking over some papers

or letters. Her back was towards Boldwood. He went to the door, knocked, and waited with tense muscles and an aching brow.

Boldwood had not been outside his garden since his meeting with Bathsheba in the road to Yalbury. Silent and alone, he had remained in moody meditation on woman's ways, deeming as essentials of the whole sex the accidents of the single one of their number he had ever closely beheld. By degrees a more charitable temper had pervaded him, and this was the reason of his sally to-night. He had come to apologize and beg forgiveness of Bathsheba with something like a sense of shame at his violence, having but just now learnt that she had returned—only from a visit to Liddy as he supposed, the Bath escapade being quite unknown to him.

He enquired for Miss Everdene. Liddy's manner was odd, but he did not notice it. She went in, leaving him standing there, and in her absence the blind of the room containing Bathsheba was pulled down. Boldwood augured ill from that sign. Liddy came out.

"My mistress cannot see you, sir," she said.

The farmer instantly went out by the gate. He was unforgiven—that was the issue of it all. He had seen her who was to him simultaneously a delight and a torture, sitting in the room he had shared with her as a peculiarly privileged guest only a little earlier in the summer, and she had denied him an entrance there now.

Boldwood did not hurry homeward. It was ten o'clock at least, when, walking deliberately through the lower part of Weatherbury, he heard the carrier's spring-van entering the village. The van ran to and from a town in a northern direction, and it was owned and driven by a Weatherbury man, at the door of whose house it now pulled up. The lamp fixed to the head of the hood illuminated a scarlet and gilded form, who was the first to alight.

"Ah!" said Boldwood to himself, "come to see her again."

Troy entered the carrier's house, which had been the place of his lodging on his last visit to his native place. Boldwood was moved by a sudden determination. He hastened home. In ten minutes he was back again, and made as if he were going to call upon Troy at the carrier's. But as he approached, some one opened the door and came out. He heard this

person say "good-night" to the inmates, and the voice was Troy's. This was strange, coming so immediately after his arrival. Boldwood, however, hastened up to him. Troy had what appeared to be a carpet-bag in his hand—the same that he had brought with him. It seemed as if he were going to leave again this very night.

Troy turned up the hill and quickened his pace. Boldwood stepped forward.

"Sergeant Troy?"

"Yes—I'm Sergeant Troy."

"Just arrived from Melchester, I think?"

"Just arrived from Bath."

"I am William Boldwood."

"Indeed."

The tone in which this word was uttered was all that had been wanted to bring Boldwood to the point.

"I wish to speak a word with you," he said.

"What about?"

"About her who lives just ahead there—and about a woman you have wronged."

"I wonder at your impertinence," said Troy, moving on.

"Now look here," said Boldwood, standing in front of him, "wonder or not, you are going to hold a conversation with me."

Troy heard the dull determination in Boldwood's voice, looked at his stalwart frame, then at the thick cudgel he carried in his hand. He remembered it was past ten o'clock. It seemed worth while to be civil to Boldwood.

"Very well, I'll listen with pleasure," said Troy, placing his bag on the ground, "only speak low, for somebody or other may overhear us in the farmhouse there."

"Well then—I know a good deal concerning you—Fanny Robin's attachment to you. I may say, too, that I believe I am the only person in the village, excepting Gabriel Oak, who does know it. You ought to marry her."

"I suppose I ought. Indeed, I wish to, but I cannot."

"Why?"

Troy was about to utter something hastily; he then checked himself and said, "I am too poor." His voice was changed. Previously it had a devil-may-care tone. It was the voice of a trickster now.

Boldwood's present mood was not critical enough to notice tones. He continued, "I may as well speak plainly; and understand, I don't wish to enter into the questions of right or wrong, woman's

honour and shame, or to express any opinion on your conduct. I intend a business transaction with you."

"I see," said Troy. "Suppose we sit down here."

An old tree trunk lay under the hedge immediately opposite, and they sat down.

"I was engaged to be married to Miss Everdene," said Boldwood, "but you came and—"

"Not engaged," said Troy.

"As good as engaged."

"If I had not turned up she might have become engaged to you."

"Hang might!"

"Would, then."

"If you had not come I should certainly—yes, *certainly*—have been accepted by this time. If you had not seen her you might have been married to Fanny. Well, there's too much difference between Miss Everdene's station and your own for this flirtation with her ever to benefit you by ending in marriage. So all I ask is, don't molest her any more. Marry Fanny. I'll make it worth your while."

"How will you?"

"I'll pay you well now, I'll settle a sum of money upon her, and I'll see that you don't suffer from poverty in the future. I'll put it clearly. Bathsheba is only playing with you: you are too poor for her, as I said; so give up wasting your time about a great match you'll never make for a moderate and rightful match you may make to-morrow; take up your carpet-bag, turn about, leave Weatherbury now, this night, and you shall take fifty pounds with you. Fanny shall have fifty to enable her to prepare for the wedding, when you have told me where she is living, and she shall have five hundred paid down on her wedding-day."

In making this statement Boldwood's voice revealed only too clearly a consciousness of the weakness of his position, his aims, and his method. His manner had lapsed quite from that of the firm and dignified Boldwood of former times; and such a scheme as he had now engaged in he would have condemned as childishly imbecile only a few months ago. We discern a grand force in the lover which he lacks whilst a free man; but there is a breadth of vision in the free man which in the lover we vainly seek. Where there is much bias there must be some narrowness, and love, though added emotion, is subtracted capacity. Boldwood exemplified this to an abnormal degree: he knew nothing of

Fanny Robin's circumstances or whereabouts, he knew nothing of Troy's possibilities, yet that was what he said.

"I like Fanny best," said Troy; "and if, as you say, Miss Everdene is out of my reach, why I have all to gain by accepting your money, and marrying Fan. But she's only a servant."

"Never mind—do you agree to my arrangement?"

"I do."

"Ah!" said Boldwood, in a more elastic voice. "O Troy, if you like her best, why then did you step in here and injure my happiness?"

"I love Fanny best now," said Troy. "But Bathsh—Miss Everdene inflamed me, and displaced Fanny for a time. It is over now."

"Why should it be over so soon? And why then did you come here again?"

"There are weighty reasons. Fifty pounds at once, you said?"

"I did," said Boldwood, "and here they are—fifty sovereigns." He handed Troy a small packet.

"You have everything ready—it seems that you calculated on my accepting them," said the sergeant, taking the packet.

"I thought you might accept them," said Boldwood.

"You've only my word that the programme shall be adhered to, whilst I at any rate have fifty pounds."

"I had thought of that, and I have considered that if I can't appeal to your honour I can trust to you—well, shrewdness we'll call it—not to lose five hundred pounds in prospect, and also make a bitter enemy of a man who is willing to be an extremely useful friend."

"Stop, listen!" said Troy in a whisper.

A light pit-pat was audible upon the road just above them.

"By George—'tis she," he continued.

"I must go on and meet her."

"She—who?"

"Bathsheba."

"Bathsheba—out alone at this time o' night!" said Boldwood in amazement, and starting up. "Why must you meet her?"

"She was expecting me to-night—and I must now speak to her, and wish her good-bye, according to your wish."

"I don't see the necessity of speaking."

"It can do no harm—and she'll be wandering about looking for me if I don't. You shall hear all I say to her. It will

help you in your love-making when I am gone."

"Your tone is mocking."

"O no. And remember this, if she does not know what has become of me, she will think more about me than if I tell her flatly I have come to give her up."

"Will you confine your words to that one point?—shall I hear every word you say?"

"Every word. Now sit still there, and hold my carpet-bag for me, and mark what you hear."

The light footstep came closer, halting occasionally, as if the walker listened for a sound. Troy whistled a double note in a soft fluty tone.

"Come to that, is it!" murmured Boldwood, uneasily.

"You promised silence," said Troy.

"I promise again."

Troy stepped forward.

"Frank, dearest, is that you?" The tones were Bathsheba's.

"O God!" said Boldwood.

"Yes," said Troy to her.

"How late you are," she continued tenderly. "Did you come by the carrier? I listened and heard his wheels entering the village, but it was some time ago, and I had almost given you up, Frank."

"I was sure to come," said Frank.

"You knew I should, did you not?"

"Well, I thought you would," she said, playfully; "and, Frank, it is so lucky! There's not a soul in my house but me to-night. I've packed them all off, so nobody on earth will know of your visit to your lady's bower. Liddy wanted to go to her grandfather's to tell him about her holiday, and I said she might stay with them till to-morrow—when you'll be gone again."

"Capital," said Troy. "But, dear me, I had better go back for my bag: you run home whilst I fetch it, and I'll promise to be in your parlour in ten minutes."

"Yes." She turned and tripped up the hill again.

During the progress of this dialogue there was a nervous twitching of Boldwood's tightly closed lips, and his face became bathed in a clammy dew. He now started forward towards Troy.

Troy turned to him and took up the bag. "Shall I tell her I have come to give her up and cannot marry her?" said the soldier mockingly.

"No, no; wait a minute. I want to say more to you—more to you," said Boldwood, in a hoarse whisper.

"Now," said Troy, "you see my dilemma. Perhaps I am a bad man — the victim of my impulses — led away to do what I ought to leave undone. I can't, however, marry them both. And I have two reasons for choosing Fanny. First, I like her best upon the whole, and second, you make it worth my while."

At the same instant Boldwood sprang upon him, and held him by the neck. Troy felt Boldwood's grasp slowly tightening. The move was absolutely unexpected.

"A moment," he gasped. "You are injuring her you love."

"Well, what do you mean?" said the farmer.

"Give me breath," said Troy.

Boldwood loosened his hand, saying,

"By Heaven, I've a mind to kill you!"

"And ruin her."

"Save her."

"Oh, how can she be saved now, unless I marry her?"

Boldwood groaned. He reluctantly released the soldier, and flung him back against the hedge. "Devil, you torture me!" said he.

Troy rebounded like a ball, and was about to make a dash at the farmer; but he checked himself, saying lightly —

"It is not worth while to measure my strength with you. Indeed it is a barbarous way of settling a quarrel. I shall shortly leave the army because of the same conviction. Now after that revelation of how the land lies with Bathsheba, 'twould be a mistake to kill me, would it not?"

"'Twould be a mistake to kill you," repeated Boldwood, mechanically, with a bowed head.

"Better kill yourself."

"Far better."

"I'm glad you see it."

"Troy, make her your wife, and don't act upon what I arranged just now. The alternative is dreadful, but take Bathsheba; I give her up. She must love you indeed to sell soul and body to you so utterly as she has done. Wretched woman — deluded woman — you are, Bathsheba!"

"But about Fanny?"

"Bathsheba is a woman well to do," continued Boldwood, in nervous anxiety, "and, Troy, she will make a good wife; and, indeed, she is worth your hastening on your marriage with her!"

"But she has a will — not to say a temper, and I shall be a mere slave to her. I

could do anything with poor Fanny Robin."

"Troy," said Boldwood, imploringly, "I'll do anything for you, only don't desert her; pray, don't desert her, Troy."

"Which, poor Fanny?"

"No; Bathsheba Everdene. Love her best! Love her tenderly! How shall I get you to see how advantageous it will be to you to secure her at once?"

"I don't wish to secure her in any new way."

Boldwood's arm moved spasmodically towards Troy's person again. He repressed the instinct, and his form drooped as with pain.

Troy went on —

"I shall soon purchase my discharge, and then —"

"But I wish you to hasten on this marriage. It will be better for you both. You love each other, and you must let me help you to do it."

"How?"

"Why, by settling the five hundred on Bathsheba instead of Fanny to enable you to marry at once. No, she wouldn't have it of me; I'll pay it down to you on the wedding-day."

Troy paused in secret amazement at Boldwood's wild and purblind infatuation. He carelessly said, "And am I to have anything now?"

"Yes, if you wish to. But I have not much additional money with me. I did not expect this; but all I have is yours."

Boldwood, more like a somnambulist than a wakeful man, pulled out the large canvas bag he carried by way of a purse, and searched it.

"I have twenty-one pounds more with me," he said. "Two notes and a sovereign. But before I leave you I must have a paper signed —"

"Pay me the money, and we'll go straight to her parlour, and make any arrangement you please to secure my compliance with your wishes. But she must know nothing of this cash business."

"Nothing, nothing," said Boldwood, hastily. "Here is the sum, and if you'll come to my house we'll write out the agreement for the remainder, and the terms also."

"First we'll call upon her."

"But why? Come with me to-night, and go with me to-morrow to the surrogate's."

"But she must be consulted; at any rate informed."

"Very well; go on."

They went up the hill to Bathsheba's house. When they stood at the entrance, Troy said, "Wait here a moment." Opening the door, he glided inside, leaving the door ajar.

Boldwood waited. In two minutes a light appeared in the passage. Boldwood then saw that the chain had been fastened across the door. Troy appeared inside, carrying a bedroom candlestick.

"What, did you think I should break in?" said Boldwood, contemptuously.

"O no; it is merely my humour to secure things. Will you read this a moment? I'll hold the light."

Troy handed a folded newspaper through the slit between door and door-post, and put the candle close. "That's the paragraph," he said, placing his finger on a line.

Boldwood looked and read —

"MARRIAGES.

"On the 17th inst., at St. Ambrose's Church, Bath, by the Rev. G. Mincing, B.A., Francis Troy, only son of the late Edward Troy, Esq., M.D., of Weatherbury, and sergeant 11th Dragoon Guards, to Bathsheba, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. John Everdene, of Casterbridge."

"This may be called Fort meeting Feeble, hey, Boldwood?" said Troy. A low gurgle of derisive laughter followed the words.

The paper fell from Boldwood's hand. Troy continued —

"Fifty pounds to marry Fanny. Good. Twenty-one pounds not to marry Fanny, but Bathsheba. Good. Finale: already Bathsheba's husband. Now, Boldwood, yours is the ridiculous fate which always attends interference between a man and his wife. And another word. Bad as I am, I am not such a villain as to make the marriage or misery of any woman a matter of huckster and sale. Fanny has long ago left me. I don't know where she is. I have searched everywhere. Another word yet. You say you love Bathsheba; yet on the merest apparent evidence you instantly believe in her dishonour. A fig for such love! Now that I've taught you a lesson, take your money back again."

"I will not; I will not!" said Boldwood, in a hiss.

"Anyhow I won't have it," said Troy contemptuously. He wrapped the packet of gold in the notes, and threw the whole into the road.

Boldwood shook his clenched fist at

him. "You juggler of Satan! You black hound! But I'll punish you yet; mark me, I'll punish you yet!"

Another peal of laughter. Troy then closed the door, and locked himself in.

Throughout the whole of that night Boldwood's dark form might have been seen walking about the hills and downs of Weatherbury like an unhappy Shade in the Mournful Fields by Acheron.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT AN UPPER WINDOW.

It was very early the next morning — a time of sun and dew. The confused beginnings of many birds' songs spread into the healthy air, and the wan blue of the heaven was here and there coated with thin webs of incorporeal cloud which were of no effect in obscuring day. All the lights in the scene were yellow as to colour, and all the shadows were attenuated as to form. The creeping plants about the old manor-house were bowed with rows of heavy water drops, which had upon objects behind them the effect of minute lenses of high magnifying power.

Just before the clock struck five Gabriel Oak and Coggan passed the village cross, and went on together to the fields. They were yet barely in view of their mistress's house, when Oak fancied he saw the opening of a casement in one of the upper windows. The two men were at this moment partially screened by an elder bush, now beginning to be enriched with black bunches of fruit, and they paused before emerging from its shade.

A handsome man leaned idly from the lattice. He looked east and then west, in the manner of one who makes a first morning survey. The man was Sergeant Troy. His red jacket was loosely thrown on, but not buttoned, and he had altogether the relaxed bearing of a soldier taking his ease.

Coggan spoke first, looking quietly at the window.

"She has married him!" he said.

Gabriel had previously beheld the sight, and he now stood with his back turned, making no reply.

"I fancied we should know something to-day," continued Coggan. "I heard wheels pass my door just after dark — you were out somewhere." He glanced round upon Gabriel. "Good Heavens above us, Oak, how white your face is; you look like a corpse!"

"Do I?" said Oak, with a faint smile.

"Lean on the gate: I'll wait a bit."

"All right, all right."

They stood by the gate awhile, Gabriel listlessly staring at the ground. His mind sped into the future, and saw there enacted in years of leisure the scenes of repentance that would ensue from this work of haste. That they were married he had instantly decided. Why had it been so mysteriously managed? It was not at all Bathsheba's way of doing things. With all her faults, she was candour itself. Could she have been entrapped? The union was not only an unutterable grief to him: it amazed him, notwithstanding that he had passed the preceding week in a suspicion that such might be the issue of Troy's meeting her away from home. Her quiet return with Liddy had to some extent dispersed the dread. Just as that imperceptible motion which appears like stillness is infinitely divided in its properties from stillness itself, so had struggling hopes against the imagined deed differentiated it entirely from the thing actually done.

In a few minutes they moved on again towards the house. The Sergeant still looked from the window.

"Morning, comrades!" he shouted, in a cheery voice, when they came up.

Coggan replied to the greeting. "Baint ye going to answer the man?" he then said to Gabriel. "I'd say good-morning—you needn't spend a hapeth of meaning upon it, and yet keep the man civil."

Gabriel soon decided too that, since the deed was done, to put the best face upon the matter would be the greatest kindness to her he loved.

"Good-morning, Sergeant Troy," he returned, in a ghastly voice.

"A rambling gloomy house this," said Troy, smiling.

"Why—they *may* not be married!" suggested Coggan. "Perhaps she's not there."

Gabriel shook his head. The soldier turned a little towards the east, and the sun kindled his scarlet coat to an orange glow.

"But it is a nice old house," responded Gabriel.

"Yes—I suppose so; but I feel like new wine in an old bottle here. My notion is that sash-windows should be put up throughout, and these old wainscoted walls brightened up a bit; or the oak cleared quite away, and the walls papered."

"It would be a pity, I think."

"Well, no. A philosopher once said

in my hearing that the old builders, who worked when art was a living thing, had no respect for the work of builders who went before them, but pulled down and altered as they thought fit; and why shouldn't we? 'Creation and preservation don't do well together,' says he, 'and a million of antiquarians can't invent a style.' My mind exactly. I am for making this place more modern, that we may be cheerful whilst we can."

The military man turned and surveyed the interior of the room, to assist his ideas of improvement in this direction. Gabriel and Coggan began to move on.

"Oh, Coggan," said Troy, as if inspired by a recollection, "do you know if insanity has ever appeared in Mr. Boldwood's family?"

Jan reflected for a moment.

"I once heard that an uncle of his was queer in his head, but I don't know the rights o't," he said.

"It is of no importance," said Troy lightly. "Well, I shall be down in the fields with you some time this week; but I have a few matters to attend to first. So good-day to you. We shall, of course, keep on just as friendly terms as usual. I'm not a proud man: nobody is ever able to say that of Sergeant Troy. However, what is must be, and here's half-a-crown to drink my health, men."

Troy threw the coin dexterously across the front plot towards Gabriel, who shunned it in its fall, his face turning to an angry red. Coggan twirled his eye, edged forward, and caught the money in its ricochet upon the grass.

"Very well—you keep it, Coggan," said Gabriel with disdain, and almost fiercely. "As for me, I'll do without gifts from him."

"Don't show it too much," said Coggan, musingly. "For if he's married to her, mark my words, he'll buy his discharge and be our master here. 'Therefore 'tis well to say 'Friend' outwardly, though you say 'Troublehouse' within."

"Well—perhaps it is best to be silent; but I can't go further than that. I can't flatter, and if my place here is only to be kept by smoothing him down, my place must be lost."

A horseman, whom they had for some time seen in the distance, now appeared close beside them.

"There's Mr. Boldwood," said Oak. "I wonder what Troy meant by his question."

Coggan and Oak nodded respectfully to the farmer, just checked their paces to

discover if they were wanted, and finding they were not, stood back to let him pass on.

The only signs of the terrible sorrow Boldwood had been combating through the night and was combating now were the want of colour in his well-defined face, the enlarged appearance of the veins in his forehead and temples, and the sharper lines about his mouth. The horse bore him away, and the very step of the animal seemed significant of dogged despair. Gabriel, for a minute, rose above his own grief in noticing Boldwood's. He saw the square figure sitting erect upon the horse, the head turned to neither side, the elbows steady by the hips, the brim of the hat level and undisturbed in its onward glide, until the keen edges of Boldwood's shape sank by degrees over the hill. To one who knew the man and his story there was something more striking in this immobility than in a collapse. The clash of discord between mood and matter here was forced painfully home to the heart; and, as in laughter there are more dreadful phases than in tears, so was there in the steadiness of this agonized man an expression deeper than a cry.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WEALTH IN JEOPARDY: THE REVEL.

ONE night, at the end of August, when Bathsheba's experiences as a married woman were still new, and when the weather was yet dry and sultry, a man stood motionless in the stackyard of Weatherbury Upper Farm, looking at the moon and sky.

The night had a sinister aspect. A heated breeze from the south slowly fanned the summits of lofty objects, and in the sky dashes of buoyant cloud were sailing in a course at right angles to that of another stratum, neither of them in the direction of the breeze below. The moon, as seen through these films, had a lurid metallic look. The fields were sallow with the impure light, and all were tinged in monochrome, as if beheld through stained glass. The same evening the sheep had trailed homeward head to tail, the behaviour of the rooks had been confused, and the horses had moved with timidity and caution.

Thunder was imminent, and, taking some secondary appearances into consideration, it was likely to be followed by one of the lengthened rains which mark the close of dry weather for the season.

Before twelve hours had passed a harvest atmosphere would be a bygone thing.

Oak gazed with misgiving at eight naked and unprotected ricks, massive and heavy with the rich produce of one-half the farm for that year. He went on to the barn.

This was the night which had been selected by Sergeant Troy — ruling now in the room of his wife — for giving the harvest supper and dance: As Oak approached the building, the sound of violins and a tambourine, and the regular jiggling of many feet, grew more distinct. He came close to the large doors, one of which stood slightly ajar, and looked in.

The central space, together with the recess at one end, was emptied of all encumbrances, and this area, covering about two-thirds of the whole, was appropriated for the gathering, the remaining end, which was piled to the ceiling with oats, being screened off with sailcloth. Tufts and garlands of green foliage decorated the walls, beams, and extemporized chandeliers, and immediately opposite to Oak a rostrum had been erected, bearing a table and chairs. Here sat three fiddlers, and beside them stood a frantic man with his hair on end, perspiration streaming down his cheeks, and a tambourine quivering in his hand.

The dance ended, and on the black oak floor in the midst a new row of couples formed for another.

"Now, ma'am, and no offence I hope, I ask what dance you would like next?" said the first violin.

"Really, it makes no difference," said the clear voice of Bathsheba, who stood at the inner end of the building, observing the scene from behind a table covered with cups and viands. Troy was lolling beside her.

"Then," said the fiddler, "I'll venture to name that the right and proper thing is 'The Soldier's Joy' — there being a gallant soldier married into the farm — hey, my sonnies, and gentlemen all?"

"It shall be 'The Soldier's Joy,'" exclaimed a chorus.

"Thanks for the compliment," said the sergeant gaily, taking Bathsheba by the hand and leading her to the top of the dance. "For though I have purchased my discharge from Her Most Gracious Majesty's regiment of cavalry, the 11th Dragoon Guards, to attend to the new duties awaiting me here, I shall continue a soldier in spirit and feeling as long as I live."

So the dance began. As to the merits

of "The Soldier's Joy," there cannot be, and never were, two opinions. It has been observed in the musical circles of Weatherbury and its vicinity that this melody, at the end of three-quarters of an hour of thunderous footing, still possesses more stimulative properties for the heel and toe than the majority of other dances at their first opening. "The Soldier's Joy" has, too, an additional charm, in being so admirably adapted to the tambourine aforesaid — no mean instrument in the hands of a performer who understands the proper convulsions, spasms, St. Vitus's dances, and fearful frenzies necessary when exhibiting its tones in their highest perfection.

The immortal tune ended, a fine DD rolling forth from the bass-viol with the sonorousness of a cannonade, and Gabriel delayed his entry no longer. He avoided Bathsheba, and got as near as possible to the platform, where Sergeant Troy was now seated, drinking brandy-and-water, though the others drank without exception cider and ale. Gabriel could not easily thrust himself within speaking distance of the sergeant, and he sent a message, asking him to come down for a moment. The sergeant said he could not attend.

"Will you tell him, then," said Gabriel, "that I only stepped ath'art to say that a heavy rain is sure to fall soon, and that something should be done to protect the ricks?"

"Mr. Troy says it will not rain," returned the messenger, "and he cannot stop to talk to you about such figdets."

In juxtaposition with Troy, Oak had a melancholy tendency to look like a candle beside gas, and ill at ease, he went out again, thinking he would go home; for, under the circumstances, he had no heart for the scene in the barn. At the door he paused for a moment: Troy was speaking.

"Friends, it is not only the Harvest Home that we are celebrating to-night; but this is also a Wedding Feast. A short time ago I had the happiness to lead to the altar this lady, your mistress, and not until now have we been able to give any public flourish to the event in Weatherbury. That it may be thoroughly well done, and that every man may go happy to bed, I have ordered to be brought here some bottles of brandy and kettles of hot water. A treble-strong goblet will be handed round to each guest."

Bathsheba put her hand upon his arm, and, with upturned pale face, said implor-

ingly, "No — don't give it to them — pray don't, Frank. It will only do them harm: they have had enough of everything."

"Trew — we don't wish for no more, thank ye," said one or two.

"Pooh!" said the sergeant contemptuously, and raised his voice as if lighted up by a new idea. "Friends," he said, "we'll send the women-folks home! 'Tis time they were in bed. Then we cockbirds will have a jolly carouse to ourselves. If any of the men show the white feather, let them look elsewhere for a winter's work."

Bathsheba indignantly left the barn, followed by all the women and children. The musicians, not looking upon themselves as "company," slipped quietly away to their spring waggon and put in the horse. Thus Troy and the men on the farm were left sole occupants of the place. Oak, not to appear unnecessarily disagreeable, stayed a little while; then he, too, arose and quietly took his departure, followed by a friendly oath from the sergeant for not staying to a second round of grog.

Gabriel proceeded towards his home. In approaching the door, his toe kicked something which felt and sounded soft, leathery, and distended, like a boxing-glove. It was a large toad humbly travelling across the path. Oak took it up, thinking it might be better to kill the creature to save it from pain; but finding it uninjured, he placed it again among the grass. He knew what this direct message from the Great Mother meant. And soon came another.

When he struck a light indoors there appeared upon the table a thin glistening streak, as if a brush of varnish had been lightly dragged across it. Oak's eyes followed the serpentine sheen to the other side, where it led up to a huge brown garden-slug, which had come indoors to-night for reasons of its own. It was Nature's second way of hinting to him that he was to prepare for foul weather.

Oak sat down meditating for nearly an hour. During this time two black spiders, of the kind common in thatched houses, promenaded the ceiling, ultimately dropping to the floor. This reminded him that if there was one class of manifestation on this matter that he thoroughly understood, it was the instincts of sheep. He left the room, ran across two or three fields towards the flock, got upon a hedge, and looked over among them.

They were crowded close together on the other side around some furze bushes, and the first peculiarity observable was that, on the sudden appearance of Oak's head over the fence, they did not stir or run away. They had now a terror of something greater than their terror of man. But this was not the most noteworthy feature: they were all grouped in such a way that their tails, without a single exception, were towards that half of the horizon from which the storm threatened. There was an inner circle closely huddled, and outside these they radiated wider apart, the pattern formed by the flock as a whole being not unlike a vandyked lace collar, to which the clump of furze-bushes stood in the position of a wearer's neck.

This was enough to re-establish him in his original opinion. He knew now that he was right, and that Troy was wrong. Every voice in nature was unanimous in bespeaking change. But two distinct translations attached to these dumb expressions. Apparently there was to be a thunder-storm, and afterwards a cold continuous rain. The creeping things seemed to know all about the latter rain, but little of the interpolated thunder-storm; whilst the sheep knew all about the thunder-storm and nothing of the latter rain.

This complication of weathers being uncommon, was all the more to be feared. Oak returned to the stack-yard. All was silent here, and the conical tips of the ricks jutted darkly into the sky. There were five wheat-ricks in this yard, and three stacks of barley. The wheat when threshed would average about thirty quarters to each stack; the barley, at least forty. Their value to Bathsheba, and indeed to anybody, Oak mentally estimated by the following simple calculation:—

$$5 \times 30 = 150 \text{ quarters} = 500\text{ } \textit{of}.$$

$$3 \times 40 = 120 \text{ quarters} = 250\text{ } \textit{of}.$$

$$\text{Total } 750\text{ } \textit{of}.$$

Seven hundred and fifty pounds in the divinest form that money can wear—that of necessary food for man and beast: should the risk be run of deteriorating this bulk of corn to less than half its value, because of the instability of a woman? "Never, if I can prevent it!" said Gabriel.

Such was the argument that Oak set outwardly before him. But man, even to himself, is a cryptographic page hav-

ing an ostensible writing, and another between the lines. It is possible that there was this golden legend under the utilitarian one: "I will help, to my last effort, the woman I have loved so dearly."

He went back to the barn to endeavour to obtain assistance for covering the ricks that very night. All was silent within, and he would have passed on in the belief that the party had broken up, had not a dim light, yellow as saffron by contrast with the greenish whiteness outside, streamed through a knot-hole in the folding doors.

Gabriel looked in. An offensive picture met his eye.

The candles suspended among the evergreens had burnt down to their sockets, and in some cases the leaves tied about them were scorched. Many of the lights had quite gone out, others smoked and stank, grease dropping from them upon the floor. Here, under the table, and leaning against forms and chairs in every conceivable attitude except the perpendicular, were the wretched persons of all the workfolk, the hair of their heads at such low levels being suggestive of mops and brooms. In the midst of these shone red and distinct the figure of Sergeant Troy, leaning back in a chair. Coggan was on his back, with his mouth open, buzzing forth snores, as were several others; the united breathings of the horizontal assemblage forming a subdued roar like London from a distance. Joseph Poorgrass was curled round in the fashion of a hedgehog, apparently in attempts to present the least possible portion of his surface to the air; and behind him was dimly visible an unimportant remnant of William Smallbury. The glasses and cups still stood upon the table, a water-jug being overturned, from which a small rill, after tracing its course with marvellous precision down the centre of the long table, fell into the neck of the unconscious Mark Clark, in a steady, monotonous drip, like the dripping of a stalactite in a cave.

Gabriel glanced hopelessly at the group, which, with one or two exceptions, composed all the able-bodied men upon the farm. He saw at once that if the ricks were to be saved that night, or even the next morning, he must save them with his own hands.

A faint "ting-ting" resounded from under Coggan's waistcoat. It was Coggan's watch striking the hour of two.

Oak went to the recumbent form of Matthew Moon, who usually undertook

the rough thatching of the homestead, and shook him. The shaking was without effect.

Gabriel shouted in his ear, "Where's your thatching-beetle and rick-stick and spars?"

"Under the staddles," said Moon mechanically, with the unconscious promptness of a medium.

Gabriel let go his head, and it dropped upon the floor like a bowl. He then went to Susan Tall's husband.

"Where's the key of the granary?"

No answer. The question was repeated, with the same result. To be shouted to at night was evidently less a novelty to Susan Tall's husband than to Matthew Moon. Oak flung down Tall's head into the corner again and turned away.

To be just, the men were not greatly to blame for this painful and demoralizing termination to the evening's entertainment. Sergeant Troy had so strenuously insisted, glass in hand, that drinking should be the bond of their union, that those who wished to refuse hardly liked to be so unmannerly under the circumstances. Having from their youth up been entirely unaccustomed to any liquor stronger than cider or mild ale, it was no wonder that they had succumbed, one and all with extraordinary uniformity, after the lapse of about an hour.

Gabriel was greatly depressed. This debauch boded ill for that wilful and fascinating mistress whom the faithful man even now felt within him as the embodiment of all that was sweet and bright and hopeless.

He put out the expiring lights, that the barn might not be endangered, closed the door upon the men in their deep and oblivious sleep, and went again into the lone night. A hot breeze, as if breathed from the parted lips of some dragon about to swallow the globe, fanned him from the south, while directly opposite in the north rose a grim misshapen body of cloud, in the very teeth of the wind. So unnaturally did it rise that one could fancy it to be lifted by machinery from below. Meanwhile the faint cloudlets had flown back into the south-east corner of the sky, as if in terror of the large cloud, like a young brood gazed in upon by some monster.

Going on to the village, Oak flung a small stone against the window of Laban Tall's bedroom, expecting Susan to open

it; but nobody stirred. He went round to the back door, which had been left unfastened for Laban's entry, and passed in to the foot of the staircase.

"Mrs. Tall, I've come for the key of the granary, to get at the rick-cloths," said Oak, in a stentorian voice.

"Is that you?" said Mrs. Susan Tall, half awake.

"Yes," said Gabriel.

"Come along to bed, do, you draw-latching rogue—keeping a body awake like this!"

"It isn't Laban—'tis Gabriel Oak. I want the key of the granary."

"Gabriel! What in the name of fortune did you pretend to be Laban for?"

"I didn't. I thought you meant——"

"Yes you did. What do you want here?"

"The key of the granary."

"Take it then. 'Tis on the nail. People coming disturbing women at this time of night ought——"

Gabriel took the key, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the tirade. Ten minutes later his lonely figure might have been seen dragging four large waterproof coverings across the yard, and soon two of these heaps of treasure in grain were covered snug—two cloths to each. Two hundred pounds were secured. Three wheat-stacks remained open, and there were no more cloths. Oak looked under the staddles and found a fork. He mounted the third pile of wealth and began operating, adopting the plan of sloping the upper sheaves one over the other; and, in addition, filling the interstices with the material of some untied sheaves.

So far all was well. By this hurried contrivance Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind.

Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished not to re-appear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STORM: THE TWO TOGETHER.

A LIGHT flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risks, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed

the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step: then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel, to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"Oh, Gabriel!—and are you? I have come about them. The weather woke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it—can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica—every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before-mentioned seemed on fire

to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom.

"We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel hurriedly. "You had better go down."

Bathsheba said nothing; but he could distinctly hear her rhythmical pants, and the recurrent rustle of the sheaf beside her in response to her frightened pulsations. She descended the ladder, and, on second thoughts, he followed her. The darkness was now impenetrable by the sharpest vision. They both stood still at the bottom side by side. Bathsheba appeared to think only of the weather—Oak thought only of her just then. At last he said,

"The storm seems to have passed now, at any rate."

"I think so too," said Bathsheba. "Though there are multitudes of gleams, look!"

The sky was now filled with an incessant light, frequent repetition melting into complete continuity, as an unbroken sound results from the successive strokes on a gong.

"Nothing serious," said he. "I cannot understand no rain falling. But, heaven be praised, it is all the better for us. I am now going up again."

"Gabriel, you are kinder than I deserve! I will stay and help you yet. O, why are not some of the others here!"

"They would have been here if they could," said Oak, in a hesitating way.

"O, I know it all—all," she said, adding slowly: "They are all asleep in the barn in a drunken sleep, and my husband among them. That's it, is it not? Don't think I am a timid woman, and can't endure things."

"I am not certain," said Gabriel. "I will go and see."

He crossed to the barn, leaving her

there alone. He looked through the chinks of the door. All was in total darkness, as he had left it, and there still arose, as at the former time, the steady buzz of many snores.

He felt a zephyr curling about his cheek, and turned. It was Bathsheba's breath—she had followed him, and was looking into the same chink.

He endeavoured to put off the immediate and painful subject of their thoughts by remarking gently, "If you'll come back again, miss—ma'am, and hand up a few more; it would save much time."

Then Oak went back again, ascended to the top, stepped off the ladder for greater expedition, and went on thatching. She followed, but without a sheaf.

"Gabriel," she said in a strange and impressive voice.

Oak looked up at her. She had not spoken since he left the barn. The soft and continual shimmer of the dying lightning showed a marble face high against the black sky of the opposite quarter. Bathsheba was sitting almost on the apex of the stack, her feet gathered up beneath her, and resting on the top round of the ladder.

"Yes, mistress," he said.

"I suppose you thought that when I galloped away to Bath that night it was on purpose to be married?"

"I did at last—not at first," he answered, somewhat surprised at the abruptness with which this new subject was broached.

"And others thought so, too?"

"Yes."

"And you blamed me for it?"

"Well—a little."

"I thought so. Now, I care a little for your good opinion, and I want to explain something—I have longed to do it ever since I returned, and you looked so gravely at me. For if I were to die—and I may die soon—it would be dreadful that you should always think mistakingly of me. Now, listen."

Gabriel ceased his rustling.

"I went to Bath that night in the full intention of breaking off my engagement to Mr. Troy. It was owing to circumstances which occurred after I got there that—that we were married. Now, do you see the matter in a new light?"

"I do—somewhat."

"I must, I suppose, say more, now that I have begun. And perhaps it's no harm, for you are certainly under no delusion that I ever loved you, or that I can have any object in speaking, more

than that object I have mentioned. Well, I was alone in a strange city, and the horse was lame. And at last I didn't know what to do. I saw, when it was too late, that scandal might seize hold of me for meeting him alone in that way. But I was coming away, when he suddenly said he had that day seen a woman more beautiful than I, and that his constancy could not be counted on unless I at once became his. . . . And I was grieved and troubled. . . ." She cleared her voice, and waited a moment, as if to gather breath. "And then, between jealousy and distraction, I married him!" she whispered, with desperate impetuosity.

Gabriel made no reply.

"He was not to blame, for it was perfectly true about—about his seeing somebody else," she quickly added. "And now I don't wish for a single remark from you upon the subject—in indeed I forbid it. I only wanted you to know that misunderstood bit of my history before a time comes when you could never know it.—You want some more sheaves?"

She went down the ladder, and the work proceeded. Gabriel soon perceived a languor in the movements of his mistress up and down, and he said to her gently as a mother,

"I think you had better go indoors now, you are tired. I can finish the rest alone. If the wind does not change the rain is likely to keep off."

"If I am useless I will go," said Bathsheba, in a flagging cadence. "But oh, if your life should be lost!"

"You are not useless; but I would rather not tire you longer. You have done well."

"And you better!" she said, gratefully. "Thank you for your devotion, a thousand times, Gabriel! Good-night—I know you are doing your very best for me."

She diminished in the gloom, and vanished, and he heard the latch of the gate fall as she passed through. He worked in a reverie now, musing upon her story, and upon the contradictoriness of that feminine heart which had caused her to speak more warmly to him to-night than she ever had done whilst unmarried and free to speak as warmly as she chose.

He was disturbed in his meditation by a grating noise from the coach-house. It was the vane on the roof turning round, and this change in the wind was a signal for a disastrous rain.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RAIN: ONE SOLITARY MEETS ANOTHER.

It was now five o'clock, and the dawn was promising to break in hues of drab and ash.

The air changed its temperature and stirred itself more vigorously. Cool elastic breezes coursed in transparent eddies round Oak's face. The wind shifted yet a point or two and blew stronger. In ten minutes every wind of heaven seemed to be roaming at large. Some of the thatching on the wheat-stacks was now whirled fantastically aloft, and had to be replaced and weighted with some rails that lay near at hand. This done, Oak slaved away again at the barley. A huge drop of rain smote his face, the wind snarled round every corner, the trees rocked to the bases of their trunks, and the twigs clashed in strife. Driving in spars at any point and on any system inch by inch he covered more and more safely from ruin this distracting impersonation of seven hundred pounds. The rain came on in earnest, and Oak soon felt the water to be tracking cold and clammy routes down his back. Ultimately he was reduced well-nigh to a homogeneous sop, and a decoction of his person trickled down and stood in a pool at the foot of the ladder. The rain stretched obliquely through the dull atmosphere in liquid spines, unbroken in continuity between their beginnings in the clouds and their points in him.

Oak suddenly remembered that eight months before this time he had been fighting against fire in the same spot as desperately as he was fighting against water now — and for a futile love of the same woman. As for her — But Oak was generous and true, and dismissed his reflections.

It was about seven o'clock in the dark leaden morning when Gabriel came down from the last stack, and thankfully exclaimed, "It is done!" He was drenched, weary, and sad; and yet not so sad as drenched and weary, for he was cheered by a sense of success in a good cause.

Faint sounds came from the barn, and he looked that way. Figures came singly and in pairs through the doors — all walking awkwardly, and abashed, save the foremost, who wore a red jacket, and advanced with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The others shambled after with a conscience-stricken air: the whole procession was not unlike Flaxman's

group of the suitors tottering on towards the infernal regions under the conduct of Mercury. The gnarled shapes passed into the village, Troy their leader entering the farmhouse. Not a single one of them had turned his face to the ricks, or apparently bestowed one thought upon their condition. Soon Oak too went homeward, by a different route from theirs. In front of him against the wet glazed surface of the lane he saw a person walking yet more slowly than himself under an umbrella. The man turned and apparently started: he was Boldwood.

"How are you this morning, sir?" said Oak.

"Yes, it is a wet day. — O I am well, very well, I thank you: quite well."

"I am glad to hear it, sir."

Boldwood seemed to awake to the present by degrees. "You look tired and ill, Oak," he said then, desultorily regarding his companion.

"I am tired. You look strangely altered, sir."

"I? Not a bit of it: I am well enough. What put that into your head?"

"I thought you didn't look quite so topping as you used to, that was all."

"Indeed, then you are mistaken," said Boldwood, shortly. "Nothing hurts me. My constitution is an iron one."

"I've been working hard to get our ricks covered, and was barely in time. Never had such a struggle in my life . . . Yours of course are safe, sir."

"O yes," Boldwood added after an interval of silence, "What did you ask, Oak?"

"Your ricks are all covered before this time."

"No."

"At any rate, the large ones upon the stone saddles?"

"They are not."

"Those under the hedge?"

"No. I forgot to tell the thatcher to set about it."

"Nor the little one by the stile?"

"Nor the little one by the stile. I overlooked the ricks this year."

"Then not a tenth of your corn will come to measure, sir."

"Possibly not."

"Overlooked them," repeated Gabriel slowly to himself. It is difficult to describe the intensely dramatic effect that announcement had upon Oak at such a moment. All the night he had been feeling that the neglect he was labouring to repair was abnormal and isolated — the only instance of the kind within the

circuit of the country. Yet at this very time, within the same parish, a greater waste had been going on, uncomplained of and disregarded. A few months earlier Boldwood's forgetting his husbandry would have been as preposterous an idea as a sailor forgetting he was in a ship. Oak was just thinking that whatever he himself might have suffered from Bathsheba's marriage, here was a man who had suffered more, when Boldwood spoke in a changed voice—that of one who yearned to make a confidence and relieve his heart by an outpouring.

"Oak, you know as well as I that things have gone wrong with me lately. I may as well own it. I was going to get a little settled in life; but in some way my plan has come to nothing."

"I thought my mistress would have married you," said Gabriel, not knowing enough of the full depths of Boldwood's love to keep silence on the farmer's account, and determined not to evade discipline by doing so on his own. "However, it is so sometimes, and nothing happens that we expect," he added, with the repose of a man whom misfortune had injured rather than subdued.

"I dare say I am a joke about the parish," said Boldwood, as if the subject came irresistibly to his tongue, and with a miserable lightness meant to express his indifference.

"O no—I don't think that."

"—But the real truth of the matter is that there was not, as some fancy, any jilting on—her part. No engagement ever existed between me and Miss Everdene. People say so, but it is untrue: she never promised me!" Boldwood stood still now and turned his wild face to Oak. "O Gabriel," he continued, "I am weak and foolish, and I don't know what, and I can't fend off my miserable grief! . . . I had some faint belief in the mercy of God till I lost that woman. Yes, he prepared a gourd to shade me, and like the prophet I thanked him and was glad. But the next day he prepared a worm to smite the gourd, and wither it; and I feel it is better to die than to live."

A silence followed. Boldwood aroused himself from the momentary mood of confidence into which he had drifted, and walked on again, resuming his usual reserve.

"No, Gabriel," he resumed with a carelessness which was like the smile on the countenance of a skull; "it was made more of by other people than ever it was by us. I do feel a little regret occasion-

ally, but no woman ever had power over me for any length of time. Well, good-morning. I can trust you not to mention to others what has passed between us two here."

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BIRDS AND BEASTS IN CAPTIVITY.

BY ARCHIBALD BANKS.

I AM going to make a somewhat humiliating confession. I am going to admit that I—a middle-aged, somewhat robust individual, a hard-working member of a learned profession, not by any means prone to the *sentimentalities*, fond of outdoor sport, of shooting and of hunting, a fair judge of a horse, and given in moderation to tennis and billiards; in short, though a townsman, addicted to the various sports and pastimes of a country-bred Englishman—I say that, being all this, I have to admit the possession of one taste, liking, or hobby, to which I allude with some trifling hesitation. I am fond of, and on all occasions collect—not old pictures or prints, nor rare china, nor curious books, nor silver plate, nor French enamels, nor German ivories, nor Italian faience—all of which are legitimate subjects for the hobbies of grown-up men and women; nor do I seek after sea-shells, or beetles, or butterflies, which may be collected in a pseudo-scientific, or even an entirely non-scientific spirit, without any great derogation of dignity.

My taste is not so defensible as any of these. It is one shared by schoolboys and by old maids, and by the uncultured inhabitants of Whitechapel and the Seven Dials. My hobby is the possession of tame animals; and let the critical reader not allow himself to be hurried into the opinion that such a taste results from any effeminacy or undue relaxation of moral fibre. *I have always drawn the line at canary birds*; I have never possessed one, nor cared to; and I also hold strongly to the opinion (which I shall fully develop farther on) that parrots and monkeys exercise a weakening and distinctly demoralizing effect upon their owners' characters.

I am no scientific naturalist, but I flatter myself I have had opportunities of learning more about the habits and the marvellously various characters of many birds and beasts than some naturalists by profession. As knowledge of this

sort is beginning to be considered of extreme importance in its bearing upon science, I make no further apology for telling the story of my experiences. I have found the objects of my likings in nearly the whole range of animated nature, and I feel some difficulty in knowing where to begin. With every desire to efface my own personality, I find it best to begin from the beginning of my own personal experiences.

Boys are said to be universally given to bird-nesting, and to the destruction of birds' nests. It is a form of vice, and not, in my wide experience of boys, a very common one, for which I should prescribe a sound flogging. Nest-hunting is another matter, and there is all the difference in the world between looking for birds' nests, in order to watch the old birds or to take and rear the young ones, and looking for them in order to throw them to the ground and break the eggs. If any one doubts my assertion of the non-destructiveness of boys, let him consider the state of things in the neighbourhood of Eton, where wild birds abound, and yet seven hundred boys have the most perfect liberty.

For my own part, I was, as a boy, neither a bird-nester, nor much of a nest-hunter. My first experience of the matter was the climbing up a tall larch-tree to examine a wood-pigeon's nest, and finding the two hideous callow nestlings with gaping beaks and with their legs tied together; it being a common practice of countrymen when they find a cushat's nest so to fetter the nestlings as to keep them long in the nest, and take them when they are grown big and fat. I proceeded on this occasion to cut the strings which bound them, and doing so awkwardly in my constrained position, both birds escaped from my hands and fluttered to the ground. I caught them easily, for they could not fly, caged them, and reared them. They became perfectly tame—so tame that they allowed themselves to be stroked and handled, and showed no fear of, and even some liking for, human beings; but this tameness in the wood-pigeon has its limits, and I soon got a strong proof of that wonderful inherent difference which exists in different races.

The wood-pigeon is a perfect gipsy among the pigeon tribe. The wild, irclaimable nature is dormant, and cannot be overcome. One day, when the two young birds had got their perfect plumage, the door of the cage was set open, in the

hope that the cushats, who were really far tamer than any of the house pigeons about the place, would mingle with the flocks of these latter. This hope was disappointed. The wicker cage was opened in presence of the flock of pigeons, which were at that moment feeding in the courtyard; but how great was my surprise to see these two released prisoners dash out of their cage, and fly rapidly and boldly straight away. The marvel was that these birds, though they had often left their cage, had only done so to walk about a room, and had never used their wings till this moment, and yet they cut through the air with strong strokes of their pinions, as fearlessly and as skillfully as if half their lives had been passed on the wing. I watched them till they grew into specks in the distance, and finally were lost. I never saw them again. I have since had occasion to observe that the first flight of full-grown birds brought up from the nest is always perfect, so that we may utterly reject the fable of the old eagles teaching their young ones how to fly, pushing them from the pinnacles of the rocks, and so forth.

Domestication is only tameness made hereditary, and my experience is evidence enough of the difficulty of the process in the case of the cushat. It is to be regretted that it was not the wood-pigeon that was the origin of our tame pigeon, for the wild pigeon of the woods is not only a bigger bird, but a much better bird to eat, as every countryman knows, than either the tame pigeon or any European species likely to have been his archetype.

There are in all Europe but three species of pigeon—the rock pigeon, the stock dove, and the ring dove, otherwise known as the wood-pigeon or cushat. Our tame bird is possibly sprung from a cross between the stock and rock pigeon, but most probably derived from the stock dove alone. Is our achievement in domesticating this bird to be our final effort, or is there not something to be done in the way of increasing the size and savouriness of our domestic pigeons? We have, to be sure, accomplished a great deal in pigeon breeding and crossing. We have rung the changes upon carriers, tumblers, runts, jacobins, owls, and turbits—all of which varieties, except carrier pigeons, which are now almost superseded by the post and the telegraph, are absolutely useless to mankind. The pains employed in preserving these fancy breeds might surely better be spent in

the endeavour to obtain a really valuable cross.

It is surely a very purposeless and foolish kind of painstaking, that involved in pigeon fancying. A gentleman with this fancy once showed me his pigeons with great pride—a melancholy sight, I thought. "My dear sir," I felt inclined to say, "what an unsatisfactory hobby you have been riding all these years! You have, I make no doubt, fatigued your friends and pestered your relations, quarrelled with your neighbours for enticing away your birds, filled your house with fleas and evil smells—and all for what? *To breed a blue runt with two white feathers in its tail!* Heavens! what a waste of a grand intellect!"

It is certain that in the whole wide world no species exist that, either by crossing with other breeds, or by patient selection in succeeding generations, could be made either more prolific—for the pigeon rears but two nestlings at a time—or more valuable as food—for even French cooks, who with skilfully compounded sauces can triumph over such non-sapid material as carp and rabbit, can make but little of pigeons. There is a breed of pigeons common in Northern and Western Africa, with which, no doubt, our soldiers on that melancholy coast have made acquaintance—a plump, well-shaped, heavy bird, about the size and shape of our wood-pigeon, but darker in colour, and whose flesh has nearly the flavour and tenderness of a pheasant. Then, again, there is the crown pigeon of the Indian Archipelago, a noble bird, three or four times the size of our house pigeon, and said to be excellent for eating purposes. What a triumph of acclimatization it would be if we could habituate either of these birds, or a cross from one of them, to our poultry-yards and dove-cots; and how much more sensible and profitable such an attempt than the before-mentioned objects held out to themselves by our pigeon-fanciers!

To return to my experiences in animal taming. It is commonly said that the wilder an animal is by nature, the easier it is to tame. This is an entire mistake. It is "*a rule proved by the exceptions,*" not, indeed, in the sense in which that axiom is used in our modern literary slang, but in its true sense; it is a rule which is proved, by the exceptions to it, to be no rule at all. The least wild of wild animals is certainly the rat, who so little fears man that he lives and breeds in his very dwelling, and will, if not dis-

turbed, feed in his presence; and yet, of all wild animals, I hardly know one so hard to make familiar in captivity. He is an enemy of the human race, in whom is seemingly inherent and hereditary the hatred and distrust born of long ages of warfare with it—of plundered larders on one side, of traps and poison and rattling terriers on the other. The human race must to him be a race of Borgias, of Murats, and of Robespierres. A rat, even though he be taken from the nest, will never quite lose this hatred and distrust. As a boy I tamed three out of one nest, and so perfectly that they would come for food at my call from the dark box in which they loved to hide themselves during the daytime. They would take food from my fingers, and even allow themselves to be stroked, but if they were held even for a moment in the hand, or constrained in any way, they would squeak and bite severely. As soon as they were fed they would run back into their box, showing not the smallest affection for their master.

The rat is, on the whole, not an agreeable pet, and his ways and conduct generally very soon disabuse his keeper of his ill-gotten reputation for cleverness. We in Europe think him a cunning beast, and in China he is reckoned the wisest of dumb animals. If there were a Chinese Minerva, the rat, and not the owl, would be her emblem. At one of the ports in China, a British official had impressed the natives with his wisdom—they feared him and they respected him, and he received from them the name of the *old grey rat*. It was intended as a compliment, but it would be no compliment to any one who had really studied the ways of rats. This little quadruped is certainly distinguished by his imbecility. The faintest trace of good sense would have taught him the folly of continuing to live under a Reign of Terror. The aristocrats became *émigrés* in 1793, but the rats have let a foolish habit of locality keep them in regions where the rat-trap, their guillotine, is forever set. His seeming caution in avoiding poison and traps is due only to the keenness of his scenting power. He smells the hand of his enemy in the baited trap or the poisoned cheese, and his wit gets the credit that is due to his nose. Long vicinity with the animal who, whatever may be alleged against him by Mr. Darwin, is still the wisest of created beings, has not taught wisdom to the rat. "One fool makes many," is a proverb that might have

originated behind the wainscot. It is truer of rats than even of sheep or of human beings. If one rat finds his way into a wire trap, a dozen will follow him. A common way of catching them in Germany is to place a bait in a deep tub, with a few inches of water in the bottom, and a stone set like a small island in the water. If but a single rat finds his way in, he will sit on the stone, and by his cries call all his neighbours together, and bring them into the same scrape. There got, they will first squeak and squall, then dispute for the best places, then set to and fight for them tooth and nail, and tear each other to pieces, till but one or two are left alive, and these mauled and maimed. In fact, they will behave just as low, savage natures will always do when they get together, and, *mutatis mutandis*, just as, according to General Cluseret, he and his fellow Communists did in Paris on the occasion of their famous and disastrous scramble for place and power.

A very different animal is the water rat, which, by the by, is no rat at all, but a vole, and, as naturalists tell us, an animal more nearly allied in some respects to the beaver than to rats and mice. The water rat is no exception to the before-mentioned formula of animals wild by nature being the most tamable. There is no more timid creature in existence. Every one knows, who has walked by the side of such deep sedgy brooks as the animal haunts, how it will venture only a foot or two from the element in which it finds its safety, and how, at the approach of the lightest footstep, it will drop into the water and dive rapidly to reach the subaqueous entrance of its burrow; and yet the little beast, if it be taken unhurt, will lose its shyness in a day, and in a week feed fearlessly from the hand. He will make his little sharp cry of pleasure at his master's approach, and loves to be stroked and fondled. His long, chisel-like teeth are never used traitorously. He will dive and play towards nightfall in a tub of water, and seems to delight in being watched. I once caught one in a net, and though half-drowned and stupefied from his immersion in the water, he quickly recovered, and got exceedingly tame and friendly.

The food of the water rat is exclusively vegetable. Mine used to be fond of lettuces, of cabbages, and carrot-tops; bread he would rarely eat, but boiled potatoes were his particular delight. In

his native haunts this charming little creature can do nothing but good, for he will not touch, as he is fabled to do, fish spawn, or even water insects, as I have proved more than once. He eats every kind of water weed, except those which have a rank smell, therefore he must be invaluable, in such sluggish streams as he frequents, in keeping a free channel for the water and preventing its collection into pools, the formation of marshes, the ruin of fields, and the spread of fever and ague. To kill the water rat as a destructive vermin, which ignorant people often boast of doing, is consequently a foolish as well as barbarous act.

Then, again, as if to show how little trust can be put in popular sayings, there is the whole weasel family. None should, according to the above quoted maxim of shyness and tamability going together, be so untamable as stoats, weasels, and ferrets. To "catch a weasel asleep" is an expression of the common belief in the native wildness and watchful timidity of this family of animals. It is a popular delusion, however — weasels have little natural fear of man. St. John, the author of the most delightful of all books on Natural History next to White's "Selborne," mentions how a stoat surprised in covert will turn round to look at a man with apparently as much boldness as a lion or tiger, hardly stirring to get out of the way. In the New Forest the present writer had an opportunity of witnessing similar fearlessness in weasels. About eight or ten of them, half-grown, with one of the old ones, kept in my sight as I stood under a tree for four or five minutes together, either playing or hunting in company within a yard or two of me, giving their curious little half dog-like barks, and every now and then stopping to look up at me. Yet the weasel is easily tamed, and well repays the trouble of taming him. Perhaps no small animal is so gentle and affectionate as a weasel. A young one, sold to me by a village boy for a penny, and reared very easily on bread and milk, would go to sleep inside my sleeve or pocket, evidently liking the warmth, and he would wake up when candle-light time came, galloping round and round the room, and over the chairs and sofas, with little inarticulate sounds of pleasure. Sometimes he would disappear for an hour or two in a rat-hole, and after sundry rattling noises and squeaks behind the wainscot would reappear, very dirty and dusty, licking his lips, and with specks of blood on his face; for in

spite of his graceful, gentle ways and nurture upon an innocent bread and milk diet, he had a terrible thirst for blood in his heart. The tamest weasel, if he could gain access to a poultry-house full of sleeping cocks and hens, would creep up to the roosting birds and murder every one of them before morning, not to satisfy his appetite for chicken, but for blood — every animal of this race having rooted in him that "*gosto de matar*" which the Spaniards are proud of ascribing to themselves — a delight in the mere act of killing.

I will give one more illustration of the utter fallibility of popular sayings. "As wild as a hawk" is commonly and yet quite erroneously said. No kind of hawk whose habits I have studied is wild, in the sportsman's sense of being difficult of approach, or of avoiding the presence of man. The peregrine falcon will hover over the grouse-shooter and his dogs upon the moors, swooping down upon the wounded birds, and carrying them off before his very face. A sparrowhawk in hot chase of a yellowhammer once passed within a yard of my head as I was riding along a lane in Monmouthshire, struck down his quarry in the field next the lane, and stood over it for several minutes within twenty yards of me, while I watched him through a gap in the hedge. I have seen a large hen kestrel for an hour together at dusk, hawking for cock-chafers on a lawn near a house, and at times passing so near the two or three persons present that the rustle of her wings was distinctly audible. Hawks should accordingly be untamable, but every boy who has reared a nestling knows that they can be tamed with perfect ease.

The hawk tribe — I speak of those kinds only which I have myself had in captivity, kestrels, merlins, sparrowhawks, and peregrines — although so essentially animals of prey, have none of that delight in slaughter for its own sake which, as we have seen, marks the weasel family. A hawk, his appetite sated — and a good meal will suffice him for a day or two — will look with perfect indifference at the plumpiest bird fluttering within a foot of his perch.

Notwithstanding his absence of timidity when wild, the tamed hawk is the most timid and nervous of birds. Not even the more timorous of small caged birds, finches, linnets, and the like, are so easily startled as the most courageous of falcons. A sudden movement, a hand in-

cautiously approached to the bird's head, is enough to ruin a hawk's nerves forever. The old books on falconry are full of advice on this point, the most important in the training of the falcon. In the famous thirteenth century treatise on hawking entitled "*De arte venandi cum avibus*," and written by the Emperor Frederick, the necessity of a soothing and gentle manner on the part of the falconer is particularly insisted upon. The falconer who is training the newly taken bird must, says the imperial instructor, be careful never to stare at his pupil, he may frighten him nearly into convulsions by doing so: when he looks at him it must be askant and with half-closed eyes; furthermore, should the falconer have occasion to cough or sneeze, he must be careful to turn away his face; and the manuscript is illustrated with delightfully quaint representations of the falconer and his bird in various attitudes, the falconer deferentially averting his gaze, the falconer contemplating his pupil with a very mild expression of countenance, and so forth.*

The hawk family were distinguished in ancient days, as indeed they still are by naturalists, into falcons, which were held the nobler birds, and whose habit is to mount to a height in the air and thence to swoop down upon their prey — and into short-winged hawks which have no such command of the air and pursue their game with a direct flight, — coursing their quarry, as it were, through the air, and overtaking it by superior speed. The short-winged falcons were esteemed less noble than the falcons; nevertheless they are by far the bolder birds of the two, being less liable to fright. They are, nevertheless, far less tractable than the true falcons. The sparrow-hawk, for instance, which is of the short-winged kind, is a fiercer and bolder bird than the kestrel; though the kestrel is a true falcon, having not only the falcon's length of wing and shape of beak, but as every one may observe for himself, wherever this bird has not been improved away by over zealous game preservers, possessing all the true falcon's method of keeping

* This curious treatise, perhaps the most popular work of its century, was beyond all doubt written by the Emperor himself, Frederick II., the grandson of Barbarossa, and by far the ablest ruler and most powerful and accomplished prince of the period. The great Emperor's work was the text-book of kings, princes, and nobles, so long as falconry continued to be the sport of the rich and the noble. Every other later work, so far as the author is aware, is more or less of a plagiarism from the "*De arte venandi cum avibus*."

the upper air, whence he gets his local name of "wind-hover." Notwithstanding his high lineage, however, the kestrel is something of an impostor, and his quarry is by no means noble, and when he is thus anchored as it were over a single spot, with shivering wings, he is, nine times out of ten, watching for the reappearance of a dormouse or field vole — pests of the farmer — and presently he will be seen skimming and drooping plumb down from the skies upon his prey.

Every game preserver should know that the kestrel is absolutely innocent of game slaughter. Some of the smaller field-keeping birds may at times fall victims, but rats and mice of all kinds, and even beetles and cockchafers, are his legitimate quarry. Gamekeepers, as a rule, know this well enough, but with them the rule often seems to be, *everything is vermin that can be nailed on a barn door*, and if their masters see a goodly array of hawks they are satisfied, not caring to inquire how many kestrels go to make up the tale.

The kestrel is, as I know by experience, almost useless for hawking purposes, lacking the dash and courage of other hawks. The merlin and the hobby, both true falcons, which are neither of them heavier birds, can be used in the chase of partridges and pigeons, and a merlin has been known to attack a rook three or four times his own weight, while the larger peregrine will assail a heron or crane, many times as heavy and big a bird as itself. But notwithstanding the high reputation of the falcons for courage, notwithstanding their audacity, their marvellous swiftness and strength, and the terrible weapons they possess in their beaks and talons, all which advantages might, it would be thought, constitute them undisputed monarchs of the air, the bravest and strongest falcon makes no fight at all against so homely a bird as the owl.

This superiority to the boldest hawk in strength and courage is much insisted upon by the old writers. Every one remembers the fine image in Macbeth upon Duncan's murder: —

A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

But it is not, I think, generally known how true this is to nature. The most courageous hawk I ever possessed, as a boy, was a small male merlin. Passing one day towards evening through the ride of a wood with this bird on my wrist,

a large white barn-owl passed over my head within a few yards; the terror of the merlin was excessive; he fluttered screaming to the ground, and had he not been confined by the leather *jesses* in my hand would have escaped altogether; and this terror of the owl would seem to be hereditary; for the bird though not a nestling when he reached me was still quite young, and could probably never have seen an owl in his life.

There seems to be in hawks an instinctive knowledge of the presence of an owl in their neighbourhood. A falcon, it is said in the old books, will not venture to leave the falconer's hand if an owl be in the neighbourhood, however closely the bird of night may be concealed, and the same thing is alleged by the falconers of India at the present day; and the hawk's terror of the owl is certainly well grounded, as the following anecdote will show. At about the same period of my boyhood that I was the happy possessor of the three kestrels before mentioned, there lived in the walled kitchen garden of the house a brown wood-owl which, having had his wing broken by a shot from the keeper, had been turned by me into the garden, with no more restraint upon his liberty than the necessary amputation of his pinion. He would still fly, but it was a flight of but about five yards long, and his sound wing doing him more service than his broken one, his flight used at first invariably to result in his alighting a yard or two to one side of the point he had made for. But the owl is not the emblem of wisdom for nothing, and experience taught him in time to allow for the involuntary parabola of his flight — to *correct his compasses* as it were, and to alight at the very spot he aimed for; but he could not diminish the preponderance of his stronger wing, which was so great that before the end of this curious *knight's move* flight, he had invariably turned round with his face to the point whence he had started. And what a face! a round, stolid countenance, with grave, unblinking eyes.

Nothing would move that bird to a change of expression. I saw him once deliberately stare a cat, which had approached him with no friendly intentions, out of countenance, and cause it to retreat. A terrier once barked at him incessantly for half-an-hour, with no more effect upon the owl than a slight ruffling out of his feathers, and once or twice, as the dog came too near, an ominous snapping of the beak. This owl was, as, from

my experience of him and of other species in captivity, all owls are, an utterly irclaimable savage. Nothing would mollify him but the offer of food when he was hungry, and this obtained, he would retreat to the darkest corner in the garden and stare at the person who had just fed him without the smallest expression of gratitude or satisfaction.

On one occasion, forgetful or ignorant of the prowess of owls, I brought a full-grown young kestrel, and set him, on the low branch of a fruit-tree, some twenty or thirty yards from the spot usually occupied by the owl. I was retreating to the other end of the garden to call the hawk to me, when the owl caught sight of him. In three or four of its short flights it was upon him. The hawk began to scream, and was too much terrified to make a serious attempt to escape; though his flight was already strong, he fluttered along the ground with open beak and failing wings. The owl pounced upon him, a struggle and confused flutter of feathers, and the keen claws of the owl were driven into the kestrel's throat, who was giving the last dying flap of his wings before I could come to his rescue; and I could not even recover the dead bird without using considerable strength to draw it from the owl's grasp. I have never, since this episode, doubted the supremacy of the owls among the order of *raptores*.

I see that a Shakespearian commentator is inclined to consider the above quoted passage in *Macbeth* to be founded upon a popular falconer's fallacy, as to which I will only remark that the allusions to falconry in past English literature, particularly of the Elizabethan age, are so numerous, that a man should be positively ashamed to sit down to edit the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries without knowing more of the falconer's craft than many a learned gentleman I could name.

The owl is even yet the most inscrutable of birds. I have kept the white or barn-owl (*Strix flammea*), the brown wood-owl, and the rare *Strix passerina* (the little owl), which is not much bigger than a blackbird, a beautiful bird, which is, however, the fiercest and most intractable of the whole family, throwing himself on his back on the ground when approached, and fighting furiously with claw and beak. The barn-owl, which is the largest of the three kinds, is the most sleepy, quiet, and stupid, that is if it can really be proyed

that there is any element of stupidity in owls, and if they are not quite as wise as they look. For all the present writer can prove to the contrary, their wisdom is as profound as their expression is grave and knowing. The ancients were clearly impressed by their looks into the fullest belief in their sapience. Modern opinion is sceptical, and owl is not always used as a compliment. I give no adhesion to this cynicism: *I never knew my owls do a foolish thing.*

The owl may be a fool, but he keeps his folly to himself. No animal is so reticent. The natural cry of the barn-owl is a screech; of the wood-owl, a hoot; and of the passerine owl, a sharp cry. No one of my tamed birds ever screeched, or hooted, or cried; they were all equally indifferent, impassive, and immovable. They showed no interest in anything except food, and with that their excitement took the form of a savage eagerness to get at it, instead of the amiable greediness and cupboard-love of more sympathetic animals. Unlike the hawks, they possess no nerves. My owls were the least hysterical of winged creatures, and I believe that a gun might have been fired off in their presence without causing them a new emotion. They never seemed sleepy, or impatient, or duller, or more restless than usual. Owls are the most watchful, and, for what one can tell, the least receptive of created beings, therefore I say they are inscrutable. All other animals have their own particular ways in captivity, their special habits which betray their characters; owls have no habits, they sit still, still as death, and watch — nothing more.

I have said that parrots and monkeys exercise a bad effect upon the characters of their owners. So far as parrots are concerned, the statement needs, I should imagine, no proof. Everybody has the misfortune to know some one possessor of a parrot. Everybody has been deafened or bitten by the parrot of a neighbour or acquaintance. Every one knows that the proprietor of a parrot is always the most disagreeable and unpopular person in a street or village — a person with imperfect human sympathies, deaf to the complaints of an outraged neighbourhood, and probably submitting to his (generally *her*) favourite's shrieks from motives of pure misanthropy.

That parrots have some wit, and a fair sense of humour, I admit, but their everlasting repetition of the same joke becomes at last intolerable. A macaw of

my acquaintance would delight in stealing up to an unsuspecting morning visitor and suddenly make his powerful beak-points meet in his ankle or arm, then, as the victim would start and cry out, the bird would retreat with a low, croaking, hearty laugh. He never laughed at other times. There is no disputing the humour of this proceeding to every one but the victim. No animal excites so much fear and hatred as a vicious parrot. This particular bird was one day found strangled. We endeavoured to persuade its owner that it was a natural death—a form of apoplexy not uncommon among parrots.

Again, as to the humour of parrots. One had been taught to say “good-bye!” with a particularly cordial emphasis upon the first syllable, such as a hostess might use in parting from an honoured guest, and during a visit, whenever one of those common and distressing pauses occurred, the bird would put in his odious “good-bye!” as if both he and his mistress had had quite enough of their visitor. This, though in abominable taste, was amusing the first two or three times; but a joke that is repeated during ten years, is no joke at all, it depresses one.

I once for a short time was the possessor of a monkey. It was through no desire of my own that he became mine, for I do not like these animals; I am not comfortable with them. This particular monkey came to me as greatness is said to come to some men—he was thrust upon me. A friend, in kindly, but ignorant, sympathy with my love of animals, sent me this creature from abroad. He arrived one morning unannounced—by parcels’ delivery, or in some equally inscrutable manner. I guessed and respected the sender, and kept him; and the letter which should have preceded him came a month later, when I had almost persuaded myself that I had got over my antipathy to the poor beast.

There are people who like monkeys. They it is who must be the true link between us and monkeys, just as monkeys make the link between them and the lower animals. In my opinion one must be, as it were, a semi-simian, to endure the society or even the sight of monkeys. I have, as I have said, no sympathy whatever with them; my dignity will not admit of it. I feel as a staid Castilian might feel in company with a low comedian from the Palais Royal. Their grimaces make me uncomfortable,

their half humanity shocks me, their hideous community of feature with some of my dearest friends, is horrible to me. A party of my fellow-creatures staring, with faces expressive of various stages of idiotic delight, at the antics of the caged monkeys in the Zoological Gardens is, to me, a pitiful and a painful spectacle; it is enough to persuade a man of the truth of Darwinism. Mr. Gladstone, who, not long ago, deplored the fact that his special duties gave him no leisure to read Darwin and Wallace, and to make up his mind upon the doctrine of evolution, might perhaps, now find time to spend an hour in front of the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. He would, I am sure, come away a strong believer in this fashionable doctrine.

Yet monkeys have many pleasing qualities; some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection towards human beings. There is however that about monkeys, in this country at least, which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption, their lives are nearly always to be measured by a few months, and their antics are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buffoonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are ghastly humorists, they are drolls in season and out, their gaiety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey’s humour is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them.

My own monkey pined away, and in two months after he came to me, do what I would, was in the last stage of consumption. It was cold, shivery, winter weather. He crouched near the fire, feeble and exhausted, looking at me, as sick animals will do, with reproachful eyes, as if I was responsible for his sufferings; but almost to the last he would do mischief, pulling a burning coal on to the hearth-rug, or upsetting a cup of tea if it stood within reach of him. Notwithstanding

his wickedness he was affectionate, and I was getting reconciled to him when he died.

We have perhaps had nearly enough of these simian ethics, and I will only add that I suspect that there are, deep down in the simian nature, sparks of something not altogether ignoble, and I will tell a story to support my belief.

In a Paris restaurant I once acted audience to a narration by a French officer, which though it moves me to a strong feeling of indignation to recall, I will repeat for the honour of the race I have been aspersing. The scene of the story was, if I recollect, one of the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and the actors in it the narrator himself, and a comrade. These "officers and gentlemen," finding time hang heavily on their hands, amused themselves one day by pursuing a tame monkey through the corridors of the barracks and cutting the unfortunate little animal to pieces with their swords. The joke of the whole thing (which I am glad to say fell exceedingly flat upon the Frenchmen present) was, according to the gallant fellow who told the story, the brave manner in which the monkey met his death — not uttering a cry or trying to run away when he saw his fate was inevitable, but dying, as the officer said, "like a little hero." If this story be true (I tried at the time to hope that the teller of it was only a liar), there would seem really to be behind the levity and unendurable trickiness of monkeys some latent heroic qualities; just as very tiresome or prosaic people sometimes come out unexpectedly well and nobly in emergencies.

I hardly think that the editor of so thoughtful a periodical as the *New Quarterly Magazine* will allow me to go on spinning out the story of my experiences with tame animals, unless I can show that there is some sort of purpose in what I have to say; and indeed there is some moral to be got out of me, and I think not a useless one.

In these days of ultra-scientific natural history there seems to be no little peril of a neglect of the study of the habits and character of animals in favour of those anatomical and structural characteristics which of course are the basis of all real advance in scientific natural history. To be sure, there is no likelihood of any such neglect on the part of the really great naturalists; but then the army of science is not made up of generals — we are not all Darwins and Owens and Huxleys — and

the danger is that the steady plodders and useful Dryasdusts will see their duty in the disregard of what may seem to them the less tangible modes of knowledge.

It is of course not an easy thing to dissect an Ascidian, and count its *cilia* and *branchiæ*, and class it accordingly, nor to put a crystal under the microscope and examine its structure to any purpose; but there are things which take a keener sight to perceive even than these, more patience to observe, and more tact to seize — and these are the evanescent characteristics of mind, of temper, and of emotion. A man gets little help from science here; his magnifying glasses and reagents and dissecting implements are of no use at all, and there is nothing but his mother wit to serve him. Read Mr. Darwin's notes of the shades of difference in the ways and habits of different animals, notice what judgment and what discrimination he uses, and what importance he attaches to these matters.

After all, how little we know of the inner life of animals. How few our facts are, and how little certain we are of them. What a huge book, and what an intensely interesting one, is waiting to be written on this subject by some great genius of the future. Surely it tells not a little for the incuriosity, and perhaps for the conceit of us humans, that we have been taken up so entirely with our little selves for these many thousand years past, and have been honouring historians and poets, and philosophers and novelists, and travellers and essayists, simply because they told or imagined, or guessed or reported, the ways and the manners, and the conversations and thoughts, and ideas and faculties, of our fellow human creatures; and all the time we have been acting as if we were alone in the world — as if it were not inhabited by crowds of beings with ways towards us and towards each other which, seeing how much we depend upon these same animals, it behoves us most strongly to understand.

It is really ludicrous how ignorant we are. Not of the characters of the wilder animals only, but even of those we have lived with all our lives. An ordinarily intelligent man would be ashamed if he could not make some sort of a comparison between the individuals of two nations, say between a German and a Hindoo, a Frenchman and a Negro — how one is this and the other that — but let the same person be asked to assess the differences between any two kinds of

animals, let us say, to take a very easy case, between a horse and an ox, and the chances are he would break down completely. He would think it easy and obvious till he came to try, then he would probably say it was not worth doing, the differences were so slight. In fact, it is not easy to observe these differences, though for the matter of that, they are important enough, and it is particularly difficult to put them into words. As to the thing not being worth doing, it is an argument which should logically lead us to close our schools, burn our books, and hang our professors. I do not care even to argue that such knowledge is invaluable as a step in the great advancement of learning and attainment of truth; I say it is important from the most utilitarian point of view. Even the inability to make such an apparently unimportant comparison as I have suggested between horses and oxen may lead to most unprofitable consequences in human economy.

In a southern country with which the writer is acquainted, the people have for many centuries been accustomed to the use of oxen for draught purposes; only within the last twenty or thirty years have horses to some extent taken the place of oxen in carts and carriages, and mark the consequence: the drivers and carters were used to and had mastered the ways of oxen—their slow, phlegmatic temperaments, their patience, their endurance, their mild obstinacy, and their latent docility—but they have not had the wit to learn that the horse has a temperament the reverse of all this; that he is nervous, quick, timid, and excitable, and yet, rightly understood, the far more tractable beast of the two, and capable of better service. The result of this ignorance is very poor service rendered to man, and very bad treatment indeed of the horse. It is another evidence of the truth of the old adage that knowledge is power; an adage to which may safely be added the corollary that brutality—a *mode* of ignorance—is loss of power.

The races of man who are wanting in intellectual training and development, and rich in brutality and cruelty, have never succeeded in training to their service the three most highly-organized and most valuable among beasts of burden. No pure Negro race, in its savage state, has ever trained the horse. The elephant has never been enslaved but by races who, whatever their moral culture may be, have reached a high and keen in-

tellectual standard. Why have no native African races ever made this huge and docile beast their servant? Simply because they have lacked the requisite intelligence. It is not that the African species of elephant is less tractable than the Indian species, as has been suggested; for no sooner was a civilized people of European origin established at Carthage than they began to domesticate the native elephant of Africa. The more patient ox and the hardy ass are the beasts of burden of races little advanced in intellectual culture all the world over, and neither horse nor camel was ever brought to perfection by any people without some considerable degree of civilization. The nations who have done most for the horse are nations with whom kindness to animals is a virtue—the Persians, the Arabs, and ourselves. With the Orientals, humanity to animals is a religious duty, and no one who has been much abroad would venture to say that we ourselves were anything but a humane people, in spite of our cab-horses and costermongers' donkeys.

To resume the interrupted thread of my personal experiences. A severe classical education at Eton was diversified in my case by the occasional study of the habits of wild animals. There used to live—perhaps still lives—a person who kept a shop in the High Street of Eton. His house stood on the same side of the street as, and a door or two beyond, that of Mr. Knox, well known to all old Etonians, and over his door was written the attractive word "Naturalist." This man, a small, thin, shabby, and not over clean, sallow-faced individual—a type of person with whom I have since made larger acquaintance among the natural historians of Seven Dials and the Ratcliff Highway—was in his way a keen observer of nature, and had the out-door natural history of the neighbourhood at his fingers' end. He could tell a boy how to catch cray-fish below Eton Bridge, where the big trout were lying, and he had, for his more intimate acquaintances, immoral histories of poaching forays into the royal preserves of Windsor. He was likewise a man of quick, sharp speech, as a man had need to be who makes his living among Eton boys, where "chaff" is a coin more current than any other.

Mr. White's shop—I think this was the man's name—was a perfect museum: stuffed birds and live birds, and animals of every kind, many of them rare and curious,

hawks and canary birds, tame snakes and piping bullfinches, gold fish and guinea pigs, bull terriers and lop-eared rabbits, parrots and macaws, were confined in a narrow space, and the concert of barking, screaming, piping, singing, reinforced by the noisiness, as bad as any other, of schoolboys, was dominated by the shrill voice of the proprietor of the establishment.

I never knew a man with such a genius for the management of animals. This sharp-voiced, dirty, ugly little man seemed to exercise some occult fascination upon bird and beast. A very fierce macaw, that would make his beak meet in any one else's arm, would lower his head and ruffle out his feathers as White passed near. He would stroke the wildest hawk without causing any alarm to the bird, and I saw him once when a countryman had brought a wild fox in a sack, open the mouth of it, insert his arm, and draw the beast out with his hand on the back of its neck, as easily as he would take up a terrier.

Plunging his hands one day into a green baize bag, he extracted and held up to our boyish admiration three or four large snakes — adders, as we then believed, and I am afraid he encouraged us to think. Like the Indian snake-charmers in pictures, he let them coil round his wrists and his neck, and wind up on to his head, darting out their forked tongues, and glaring weirdly with their beady eyes, and hissing from among his hair, making him look like a ridiculous cockney Medusa. Then and there was first implanted in me the liking I have always had for snakes and serpents. They exercise an inexplicable fascination over me which I should call singular had I not read that the late Mr. Charles Buxton was possessed of a sympathy with these tortuous reptiles as strong as my own.

As a pet, there is little to be said for any snake or serpent whatever. They are a stupid race, quite maligned in being called cunning, apathetic when they have fed, and familiar without being friendly when they are hungry; but there is something marvellously impressive in many of their ways; and I am singularly fascinated by their silent, gliding, sinuous mode of progression, by the inexorable manner in which they approach their prey or their food, even if it be but a saucerful of bread and milk. I can understand how serpent-worship could take root in the beliefs of simple men and grow up in anti-septical ages into a real

religion; for I myself possess germs of what might have developed into this mysterious *cultus*. I therefore make no doubt but that I am, *in propria persona*, an interesting subject for study, and Dr. Fergusson should certainly have made my acquaintance before writing his learned work.

I pass over the many species of tame animals to whose habits I obtained an introduction through Mr. White at Eton; rabbits, guinea-pigs, tortoises, and the before-mentioned snakes, formed my menagerie at school, where *silence* is for obvious reasons a necessity in a boy's pets. At the University, other pursuits and distractions interfered with my tastes; and I can recall nothing but a specimen of the rather rare black scoter duck, found benumbed with cold during a severe frost, and presented to me by my *scout*. The bird lived for two months in a spare sponging-bath in my dressing-room, and got tame. Never shall I forget the astonishment of a breakfast party of undergraduates when the sooty-winged bird flew one day noisily into the room, flapped his way a dozen times round the walls darting finally through a pane of glass into space, and never being seen again. An apparition enough to have persuaded a party of spiritualists of the visible presence of the evil one himself!

Some wild animals, as I have shown, very quickly lose their shyness: all the species of wild duck that I have had in captivity got tame quickly and without trouble; so do the little grebes (dab-chicks) which get familiar in a day, and will live contentedly, swimming, diving and playing in a basin of water; but except in so far as their potentiality for domestication goes, the captivity of these animals is of no sort of importance to mankind. The dab-chick is a small member of the family of divers, from among which we may perhaps some day make a useful servant. I never possessed a cormorant, but it is well known to be tamable, and is utilized by the Chinese to catch fish. To domesticate the cormorant would be the greatest achievement over the animal kingdom made in historical times. Is it proved to be impossible?

Having once been presented with a half-grown heron, I began his education with a view of making use of his well-known talents as an angler, but the heron is an intractable bird. Mine was a wild-looking creature, standing over three feet high, and holding himself in fine,

statuesque, and most dignified attitudes; a rather wicked and treacherous bird, however, who would make sudden stabs with his great bayonet of a beak, and once so nearly succeeded in scooping out one of my eyes, that I approached him ever after very guardedly. I overcame the difficulties of primary education; I got him tame, and I got him to follow me out of doors, stalking after me (when a little hungry) with expanded wings. His patience was a marvel. When placed in a shallow pond, he would stand far longer than I cared to watch him; I never, indeed, knew him to catch anything, nor would he probably have consented to surrender his prey to his master if he had. This was to have been an advanced part of his education — his degree — which he never took, for one morning, going into the hut in which he lived, I found him lying upon his back, stone dead, cold and stiff, his head thrown straight back, his wings closed, his legs decently outstretched and one crossed over the other, looking like a carved effigy of a crusader on a mediæval monument.

It need hardly be said that the faculty possessed by the late Mr. White of Eton, the present writer, and other gifted persons, resides to some extent in the knowledge and practice of certain maxims and rules which are not universally known. To acquire any influence over wild animals, their appetite must be appealed to, and this is why the larger carnivorous birds are more tamable than the seed-eating and insect-eating birds. Birds of prey, in weather when they cannot hunt, or at times when their game is scarce, must needs fast. Eagles and vultures, hawks and owls, cannot even be kept in health without an occasional fast. After long fasting they eat ravenously and immensely, and this *régime* of alternate fasts and feasts is in captivity an essential part of their treatment.

With quadrupeds of prey something of the same sort holds good; they get their food by fits and starts, and when they get any they often get much. Every one knows that a healthy dog is in the better health for being fed only once a day, but a cow, a sheep, or a horse would die in a week if it could not pass as many hours as a dog spends minutes over its meals. A horse might be taught as many tricks as a dog if he could be made as hungry, for he is quite as docile; but whereas a dog can be taught to beg or to retrieve in a week, it often takes, according to the Duke of Newcastle, of horse-training

celebrity, as much as eighteen months to teach a horse so simple a thing as the *Demi-volte* or the *Capriole*.

But neither horses nor dogs, tempting subjects indeed, come into the limits of this paper on tame animals. Horses I have already written upon, and the Editor kindly promises me an opportunity of developing my views upon "Dogs and their Masters" in a future Number.

It is on the above-mentioned principle that all raptorial birds are trained, and it underlies the teaching and the tamability of all carnivorous beasts; but the fasting should not be over-prolonged; it is cruel and also a mistake, for excessive hunger makes the animal too eager and irritable to learn. It was by following this system that I made the heron tame, and the Chinese, no doubt, use it in the training of fishing cormorants. By combining this method with gentleness, constant handling, and some amount of tact, there are very few animals, even the wildest and most fierce, that may not in time be made tame, tractable, familiar, and often friendly and affectionate.

With small birds a compulsory fast is hardly possible. To remove the seed from a bird's cage for an hour is quite as much as is prudent. But the smaller cage birds — I cannot speak from much experience of them — are by nature more tamable, though also more timid, than the larger species. As in all races of animals, individuals of the same species vary greatly in their capacity of tameness, as every one who has possessed canaries well knows. Among seed-eaters, goldfinches are the most teachable, and bullfinches the most friendly. The keeping of these little creatures in health and happiness during their captivity, is of course guided by the same principles as rule the management of the larger and statelier birds and beasts. All possible conformity to the modes of life they have been accustomed to in nature is the first point, so that the closest observer of these modes of life shall be the most successful rearer and keeper of wild animals. This is perhaps why, as a rule, only those birds are made cage birds, and only those species kept domesticated as poultry, whose food can be reduced entirely to a seed diet. In England, no cage birds but the various linnets, finches, and larks can be said to be at all common, and seed and water is nearly all they want to keep them in health. In the poultry-yard, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and guinea fowls, though they are the better for a

mixed diet, will yet thrive on corn and water. Not so the pheasant, or the partridge, or the grouse, and the first of the three at least might by this time be a poultry-yard bird, had he been content with the food of cocks and hens, or had we had the wit to hit upon a diet suitable to him.

The somewhat *routinier* ideas of English bird-fanciers condemn them to neglect the cage birds which are incomparably the finest songsters of any. Though the nightingale is so common a wild bird, a tame one, full grown and in good song, costs from one to five guineas, entirely from difficulty—a fancied difficulty for the most part—in rearing. He must be fed, our English fanciers think, on mealworms and on a so-called “paste” of complicated composition; and so treated is generally a draggle-tailed, silent, and melancholy-looking bird. The difficulties of keeping a still commoner bird of the same family, the blackcap warbler, are supposed to be even greater, and this bird, too, is very rare in captivity in England, but there are things not dreamt of in the philosophy of the cockney bird-fanciers. In some parts of Southern Europe the blackcap is one of the commonest of cage birds, and is usually seen in fine plumage. The secret is a judicious, varied diet, imitated from the bird's natural food. When wild, the blackcap feeds on insects and on fruit of all kinds: in captivity he is fed on a *mass* made of dried figs minced fine, moistened with a drop or two of wine, and sometimes with a red capsicum or two chopped up in it—an odd addition. This spiced fig pudding seems to serve as the *picée de résistance* of the blackcap's dinner. He will require, from time to time, bread and milk, chopped meat, hard-boiled egg chopped, and a dessert of whatever fruit may be in season, from an orange to a strawberry, to vary his food. To be sure, most people would consider all this trouble thrown away upon so insignificant a little bird, but then the blackcap is a very lively, interesting, and amusing cage bird, and, if well cared for, will reward his keeper, for nine months of the year, with a song which in sweetness and mellowness is hardly inferior to that of the nightingale itself.

I began this paper with a somewhat deprecatory allusion to my interest in the keeping and taming of wild animals. I am not sure that I shall not end it by taking credit for the possession of such

an interest. I say boldly for myself, “*animalis nihil a me alienum puto* ;” I thoroughly sympathize with the brute creation. After all, is not the art of rearing, breeding, and taming wild animals an imperial art, well worthy the attention of a dominant nation, and peculiarly worthy the attention of us, the people of these islands? It is not a boast, but a fact, that we, in spite of our climate, have surpassed every nation that ever lived in these same arts. What sort of a country would this be, how much poorer a one, our fields how much less fertile, our larders how much less full, and our purses how much emptier, if we had not successfully set our wits to breed stronger and swifter horses, fatter sheep and oxen, cows that yield more milk, and even cocks and hens, geese and turkeys, better and larger and heavier than those of our neighbours?

We have done much in this direction, but it would be a very finite world indeed, if we had already got to the end of our tether. It can hardly be doubted that more work still remains to be done, but I am inclined to think that it is for the most part work that will have to be done co-operatively, by societies rather than by individuals; and I think the direction of these future achievements will lie in experiments connected with the domestication of new species, rather than in the improvement of the races we have already domesticated.

Some years ago, there existed in London an Acclimatization Society, of which the present writer was an unworthy member, a paying member, but not—for his avocations would not permit it,—a working or a consultative member. The leading idea of the society was, as its name implied, the accustoming to our English climate of new animals; but does not the very word, acclimatization, involve some sort of a fallacy? Is it quite certain that any inuring to a different climate is necessary, with at least the majority of importations from one country to another? The acclimatization theory is always accepted and assumed without question, but I think it is by no means so certainly established as to give its name to a society whose objects should have been more general. Some very clever men were fellows of our English Acclimatization Society, but they were far too much occupied to bestow much of their time or talent upon the proceedings of the society.

The Acclimatization Society has long

ceased to exist. There was an unfortunate air of absurdity thrown over everything connected with it, from the first. We, the fellows, were told that the object of our existence as a society was the discovery of a new domestic animal which was to be midway in size between a rabbit and a pig, and to have, of course, all the good qualities of both; though a very slight knowledge of natural history would have taught us that nothing resembling such a beast existed in the known world. Then, our zeal for the cause led us to give a grand dinner at which strange birds, beasts, and fishes figured in the bill of fare, and the speech of the evening was made by a Member of Parliament, whose strong point is the breadth rather than the delicacy of his humour. He had been well primed with data and acclimatization statistics of every kind, and he very naturally used them after his kind, by making not wholly unjustifiable fun of the whole thing; some idea of the character of which may be gathered from the fact of his gravely insisting that his hosts of the evening were a party of hippophagists in disguise, if nothing worse, and that we had induced our guests to eat, unawares, of the meat we loved. There was really a great deal of comic force about the speech, and personally I have seldom laughed more; but the cause of acclimatization was thenceforth a ruined cause. When I next inquired after the society, a year or two later, it had been broken up. In England the soundest cause will not survive being laughed at, and we had allowed our zeal to carry us a little beyond our discretion. The beefsteaks of eland cow, the *entrées* of sea-cucumber, the soup with birds' nests in it, and, above all, the compromise between the pig and the rabbit, were the death of the Acclimatization Society.

This paper has already reached to nearly its full limits, and it would take as much space as I have already occupied to show how a society, which should eschew sensational dinners, and comic Members of Parliament, and the search after the beast unknown to Cuvier, might yet find plenty of useful work for itself. There are plenty of desiderata. We want new and more savoury fish for our ponds and rivers, like the black bass of America, or the great pike-perch of the Austrian rivers; we want a larger and better bird in our pigeon-cots; a rodent as hardy as the rabbit and better to eat; we want to ascertain whether, among the innumerable varieties of deer in various parts of

the world, a sort could not be found with venison as good as the fallow deer, and which should not require the breadth and wildness of a deer-park to keep him in health; we want some bird for our game coverts more hardy than the pheasant, and perhaps better to eat. Then we may, perhaps, in time people the shallow seas round our coasts and the estuaries of our rivers with the delicious oysters and clams of the North American seas, and our rivers with the terrapins which the Americans prize so highly.

An English society to promote these objects should, of course, be a rich one. It should be a Royal society, in the sense of having the prestige of connection with Government, but without a Government contribution (there is small danger of that) or any control by Government. It should, I think, stimulate research by the grant of a gold medal for the most successful achievements of the year. All our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls abroad, all governors of colonies, all captains in the Royal Navy on foreign service, should be *ex officio* honorary and corresponding members. The society should not itself institute experiments, but should act as agent, in London and other large seaports, for the furtherance of the schemes of its members. Researches and experiments should be undertaken by the individual members, but the society should assist these labours, when they were likely to promise success, by grants in aid.

A society so constituted, and working quietly and steadily, could not fail to produce valuable results. Its annual "proceedings" would at any rate make delightful reading, and this is more—a great deal more—than I would venture to say of many societies now in existence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE man there is, or was, who ought to have been brought forward long ago. Everybody said the same thing of him—he wanted nothing more than the power of insisting upon his reputation, and of checking his own bashfulness, to make him one of the foremost men anywhere in or near Steyning. His name was Botler, as everybody knew; and through

some hereditary veins of thought, they always added "the pigman"—as if he were a porcine hybrid!

He was nothing of the sort. He was only a man who stuck pigs, when they wanted sticking; and if at such times he showed humanity, how could that identify him with the animal between his knees? He was sensitive upon this point at times, and had been known to say, "I am no pigman; what I am is a master pork-butcher."

However, he could not get over his name, any more than anybody else can. And if such a trifle hurt his feelings, he scarcely insisted upon them, until he was getting quite into his fifth quart of ale, and discovering his true value.

A writer of the first eminence, who used to be called "Tully," but now is euphoniously cited as "Kikero," has taught us that to neglect the world's opinion of one's self is a proof not only of an arrogant, but even of a dissolute mind. Bottler could prove himself not of an arrogant, and still less of a dissolute mind; he respected the opinion of the world; and he showed his respect in the most convincing and flattering manner, by his style of dress. He never wore slops, or an apron even, unless it were at the decease or during the obsequies of a porker. He made it a point of honour to maintain an unbroken succession of legitimate white stockings—a problem of deep and insatiable anxiety to every woman in Steyning town. In the first place, why did he wear them? It took several years to determine this point; but at last it was known, amid universal applause, that he wore them in memory of his first love. But then there arose a far more difficult and excruciating question—how did he do it? Had he fifty pairs? Did he wash them himself, or did he make his wife? How could he kill pigs and keep his stockings perpetually unsullied? Emphatically and despairingly, — why had they never got a hole in them?

He, however, with an even mind, trod the checkered path of life with fustian breeches and white stockings. His coat was of West of England broadcloth, and of a rich imperial blue, except where the colour had yielded to time; and all his buttons were of burnished brass. His honest countenance was embellished with a fine candid smile, whenever he spoke of the price of pigs or pork; and no one had ever known him to tell a lie—or at any rate he said so.

This good and remarkable man was open to public inspection every morning in his shop from eight to twelve o'clock. He then retired to his dinner, and customers might thump and thump with a key or knife, or even his own steel, on the counter, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bottler would condescend to turn round for them. Nothing less than the chink of a guinea would stir them at this sacred time. But if any one had a guinea to rattle on the board and did it cleverly, the blind across the glass-door was drawn back on its tape, and out peeped Bottler.

When dinner and subsequent facts had been dealt with, this eminent pigman horsed his cart, hoisted his favorite child in over the foot-board, and set forth in quest of pigs, or as he put it more elegantly, "hanimals german to his profession." That favourite child, his daughter Polly, being of breadth and length almost equal, and gifted with "bow-legs" (as the public had ample means of ascertaining), was now about four years old, and possessed of remarkable gravity even for that age. She would stand by the hour between her father's knees, while he guided the shambling horse, and gaze most intently at nothing at all; as if it were the first time she ever had enjoyed the privilege of inspecting it.

Rags and bones (being typical of the beginning and end of humanity) have an inner meaning of their own, and stimulate all who deal in them. At least it often seems to be so, though one must not be too sure of it. Years of observation lead us to begin to ask how to observe a little.

Bonny had not waited for this perversity of certainty. He had long been taking observations of Polly Bottler—as he could get them—and the more he saw her, the more his finest feelings were drawn forth by her, and the way she stood between her father's legs. Some boys have been known to keep one virtue so enlarged and fattened up, like the liver of a Strasburg goose, that the flavour of it has been enough to abide—if they died before dissolution—in the rue of pious memory.

Exactly so it was with that Bonny. He never feigned to be an honest boy, because it would have been too bad of him; besides that, he did not know how to do it, and had his own reasons for waiting a bit; yet nothing short of downright starvation could have driven him at any time to steal so much as one pig's trotter from his patron's cart, or shop, or

yard. Now this deserves mention, because it proves that there does, or at any rate did, exist a discoverable specimen of a virtue so rare, that its existence escaped all suspicion till after the classic period of the Latin tongue.

A grateful soul, or a grateful spirit — we have no word to express “*animus*,” though we often express it towards one another — such was the Roman form for this virtue, as a concrete rarity. And a couple of thousand years have made it ever so much rarer.

In one little breast it still abode, purely original and native, and growing underneath the soil, shy of light and hard to find, like the truffle of the South Downs. Bonny was called, in one breath every day, a shameful and a shameless boy; and he may have deserved but a middling estimate from a lofty point of view. It must be admitted that he slipped sometimes over the border of right and wrong, when a duck or a rabbit, or a green goose haply, hopped or waddled on the other side of it, in the tempting twilight. But even that he avoided doing, until half-pence were scarce and the weather hungry.

Now being, as has been said before, of distinguished countenance and costume, he already had made a tender impression upon the heart of Polly Bottler; and when she had been very good and conquered the alphabet up to P the pig — at which point professional feelings always overcame the whole family — the reward of merit selected by herself would sometimes be a little visit to Bonny, as the cart came back from Findon. There is room for suspicion, however, that true love may not have been the only motive power, or at least that poor Bonny had a very formidable rival in Jack the donkey; inasmuch as the young lady always demanded as the first-fruit of hospitality a prolonged caracole on that quadruped, which she always performed in cavalier fashion, whereto the formation of her lower members afforded especial facility.

Now one afternoon towards All-hallows day, when the air was brisk and the crisp leaves rustled, some under foot and some overhead, Mr. Bottler, upon his return from Storrington, with four pretty porkers in under his net, received from his taciturn daughter that push on his right knee, whose import he well understood. It meant — “We are going to see Bonny to-day. You must turn on this side and go over the fields.”

“All right, little un,” the pigman an-

swered, with his never-failing smile. “Daddy knows as well as you do a’most; though you can’t expect him to come up to you.”

Polly gave a nod, which was as much as any one ever expected of her all the time she was out of doors. At home she could talk any number to the dozen, when the mood was on her; but directly she got into the open air, the size of the world was too much for her. All she could do was to stand, and wonder, and have the whole of it going through her, without her feeling anything.

After much jolting, and rattling, and squeaking of pigs at the roughness of sod or fallow, they won to the entrance of Coombe Lorraine, and the hermitage of Bonny. That exemplary boy had been all day pursuing his calling with his usual diligence, and was very busy now, blowing up his fire to have some hot savoury stew to warm him. All his beggings and his buyings, &c., were cast in together; and none but the cook and consumer could tell how marvellously they always managed to agree among themselves, and with him. A sharp little turn of air had set in, and made every rover of the land sharp set; and the lid of the pot was beginning to lift charily and preciously, when the stubble and bramble crackled much. Bonny esconced in his kitchen corner, on the right hand outside his main entrance, kept stirring the fire, and warming his hands, and indulging in a preliminary smell. Bearing ever in his mind the stern duty of promoting liberal sentiments, he had felt while passing an old woman’s garden, how thoroughly welcome he ought to be to a few sprigs of basil, a handful of onions, and a pinch of lemon-thyme; and how much more polite it was to dispense with the frigid ceremony of asking.

As the cart rattled up in the teeth of the wind, Polly Bottler began to expand her frank ingenuous nostrils; inhaled the breeze, and thus spake with her mouth —

“Dad, I’s yerry hungry.”

“No wonder,” replied the paternal voice; “what a boy, to be sure, that is to cook! At his time of life, just to taste his stoos! He’ve got a born knowledge what to put in — ay, and what to keep out; and how long to do it. He deserveth that pot as I gived him out of the bilin’ house; now dothn’t he? If moother worn’t looking for us to home, with chittlings and fried taties, I’d as lief

sit down and sup with him. He maketh me in the humour, that he doth."

As soon as he beheld his visitors, Bonny advanced in a graceful manner, as if his supper was of no account. He had long been aware from the comments of boys at Steyning (who were hostile to him) that his chimney-pot hat was not altogether in strict accord with his character. This had mortified him as deeply as his lightsome heart could feel; because he had trusted to that hat to achieve his restoration into the bosom of society. The words of the incumbent of his parish (ere ever the latter began to thrash him) had sunk into his inner and deeper consciousness and conscience; and therein had stirred up a nascent longing to have something to say to somebody whose fore-legs were not employed for locomotion any longer.

Alas, that ghost of a definition has no leg to stand upon! No two great authorities (perfect as they are, and complete in their own system) can agree with one another concerning the order of a horse's feet in walking, ambling, or trotting, or even standing on all fours in stable. The walk of a true-born Briton is surely almost as important a question. Which arm does he swing to keep time with which leg; and bends he his elbows in time with his knees; and do all four occupy the air, or the ground, or himself, in a regulated sequence; and if so, what aberration must ensue from the use of a walking-stick? *Œdipus*, who knew all about feet (from the tenderness of his own soles), could scarcely be sure of all this, before the time of the close of the market.

This is far too important a question to be treated hastily. Only, while one is about it, let Bonny's hat be settled for. Wherever he thought to have made an impression with this really guinea-hat, ridicule and execration followed on his naked heels; till he sold it at last for tenpence-halfpenny, and came back to his naked head. Society is not to be carried by storm even with a picked-up hat.

Jack, the donkey, was always delighted to have Polly Bottler upon his back. Not perhaps from any vaticination of his future mistress, but because she was sure to reward him with a cake, or an apple, or something good; so that when he felt her sturdy little legs, both hands in his mane, and the heels begin to drum, he would prick his long ears, and toss his fine white nose, and would even have arched his neck, if nature had not strict-

ly forbidden him. On the present occasion, however, Polly did not very long witch the world with noble donkeymanship; although Mr. Bottler sat patiently in his cart, smiling as if he could never kill a pig, and with paternal pride stamped on every wrinkle of his nose; while the brief-lived porkers poked their snouts through the net, and watched with little sharp hairy eyes the very last drama perhaps in which they would be spectators only. The lively creatures did not suspect that Bonny's fire, the night after next, would be cooking some of their vital parts, with a truly fine smell of sausages.

Sausages were too dear for Bonny; as even the pigs at a glance were aware; but he earned three quarters of a pound for nothing, by noble hospitality. To wit, his angel of a Polly had not made more than three or four parades, while he (with his head scarcely reaching up to the mark at the back of the donkey's ears, where the perspiration powdered) shouted, and hollloed, and made-believe to be very big—as boys must do, for practice towards their manhood—when by some concurrent goodwill of air, and fire, and finer elements, the pot-lid arose, to let out a bubble of goodness returning to its native heaven; and the volatile virtue gently hovered to leave a fair memory behind.

The merest corner of this fragrance flipped into Polly Bottler's nose, as a weaker emanation had done, even before she began her ride. And this time her mouth and her voice expressed cessation of hesitation.

"Et me down, 'et me down," she cried, stretching her fat short arms to Bonny; "I 'ants some; I'se so hungry."

"Stop a bit, miss," said Bonny, as being the pink of politeness to all the fair: "there, your purty little toes is on the blessed ground again. Stop a bit, miss, while I runs into my house, for to get the spoon."

For up to this time he had stirred his soup with a forked stick made of dogwood, which helps to flavour everything; but now as a host, he was bound to show his more refined resources. Polly, however, was so rapt out of her usual immobility that she actually toddled into Bonny's house to make him be quick about the spoon. He, in amazement, turned round and stared, to be sure of his eyes that such a thing could ever have happened to him. The jealousy of the collector strove with the hospitality of the

householder and the chivalry of the rover. But the finer feelings conquered, and he showed her round the corner. Mr. Bottler, who could not get in, cracked his whip and whistled at them.

Polly, with great eyes of wonder and fright at her own daring, longed with one breath to go on, and with the next to run back again. But the boy caught hold of her hand, and she stuck to him through the ins and outs of light, until there was something well worth seeing.

What is the sweetest thing in life? Hope, love, gold, fame, pride, revenge, danger—or anything else, according to the nature of the liver. But with those who own very little, and have “come across” all that little, with risk and much uncertainty, the sweetest thing in life is likely to be the sense of ownership. The mightiest hoarder of gold and silver, Cræsus, Rhampsinitus, or Solomon, never thought half so much of his stores, or at any rate, never enjoyed them as much as this rag-and-bone collector his. When he came to his room he held his breath, and watched with the greatest anxiety for corresponding emotion of Polly.

The room was perhaps about twelve feet long, and eight feet wide at its utmost, scooped from the chalk without any sharp corners, but with a grand contempt of shape. The floor went up and down, and so did the roof, according to circumstances; the floor appearing inclined to rise, and the roof to come down if called upon. Much excellent rubbish was here to be found; but the window was the first thing to seize and hold any stranger's attention. It must have been built either by or for the old hermit who once had dwelt there; at any rate no one could have designed it without a quaint ingenuity. It was cut through a three-foot wall of chalk, the embrasure being about five feet in span, and three feet deep at the crown of the arch. In the middle, a narrow pier of chalk was left to keep the arch up, and the lights on either side were made of horn, stained glass, and pig's bladder. The last were of Bonny's handiwork, to keep out the wind when it blew too cold among the flaws of ages. And now as the evening light fetched round the foot of the hills, and gathered strongly into this western aspect, the richness of colours was such that even Polly's steadfast eyes were dazed.

Without vouchsafing so much as a glance at Bonny's hoarded glories, the

child ran across the narrow chamber, and spread out her hands and opened her mouth wider even than her eyes, at the tints now streaming in on her. The glass had been brought perhaps from some ruined chapel of the hill-side, and glowed with a depth of colour infused by centuries of sunset; not one pane of regular shape was to be found among them; but all, like veins of marble, ran with sweetest harmony of hue, to meet the horn and the pig's bladder. From the outside it looked like a dusty slate traversed with bits of a crusted bottle; it required to be seen from the inside, like an ancient master's painting.

Polly, like the rest of those few children who do not overtalk themselves, spent much of her time in observation, storing the entries inwardly. And young as she was, there might be perhaps a doubt entertained by those who knew her whether she were not of a deeper and more solid cast of mind than Bonny. Her father at any rate declared, and her mother was of the same opinion, that by the time she was ten years old she would buy and sell all Steyning. However, they may have thought this because all their other children were so stupid.

Now, be they right or be they wrong—as may be shown hereafter—Polly possessed at least the first and most essential of all the many endowments needful to approach success. Polly Bottler stuck to her point. And now, even with those fine old colours, like a century of rainbows, puzzling her, Polly remembered the stew in the pot, and pointed with her finger to the window-ledge where something shone in a rich blue light.

“Here's a 'poon, Bonny!” she exclaimed; “here's a 'poon! 'Et me have it, Bonny.”

“No, that's not a spoon, miss; and I can't make out for the life of me whatever it can be. I've a seed a many queer things, but I never seed the likes of that afore. Ah, take care, miss, or you'll cut your fingers!”

For Polly, with a most resolute air, had scrambled to the top of an old brown jar (the salvage from some shipwreck) which stood beneath the window-sill, and thence with a gallant sprawl she reached and clutched the shining implement which she wanted to eat her stew with. The boy was surprised to see her lift it with her fat brown fingers, and hold it tightly without being cut or stung as he expected. For he had a wholesome fear of this

thing, and had set it up as a kind of fetish, his mind (like every other) requiring something to bow down to. For the manner of his finding it first, and then its presentment in the mouth of Jack, added to the interest which its unknown meaning won for it.

With a laugh of triumph the bow-legged maiden descended from her dangerous height, and paying no heed to all Bonny's treasures, waddled away with her new toy, either to show it to her father, or to plunge it into the stewpot perhaps. But her careful host, with an iron spoon and a saucer in his hands, ran after her, and gently guided her to the crock, whither also Mr. Bottler sped. This was as it should be; and they found it so. For when the boy Bonny, with a hospitable sweep, lifted the cover of his cookery, a sense of that void which all nature protests against rose in the forefront of all three, and forbade them to seek any further. Bottler himself, in the stress of the moment, let the distant vision fade — of fried potatoes and combed chittlings — and lapsed into that lowest treason to Lares and Penates — a supper abroad, when the supper at home is salted, and peppered, and browning.

But though Polly opened her mouth so wide, and smacked her lips, and made every other gratifying demonstration, not for one moment would she cede possession of the treasure she had found in Bonny's window. Even while most absorbed in absorbing, she nursed it jealously on her lap; and even when her father had lit his pipe from Bonny's bonfire, and was ready to hoist her in again over the foot-board, the child stuck fast to her new delight, and set up a sturdy yell when the owner came to reclaim it from her.

"Now don't 'ee, don't 'ee, that's a dear," began the gentle pork-butcher, as the pigs in the cart caught up the strain, and echo had enough to do; for Polly of course redoubled her wailings, as all little dears must, when coaxed to stop: "here, Bonny, here, lad, I'll gie thee sixpence for un, though her ain't worth a penny, I doubt. And thou mayst call to-morrow, and the Misses 'll gie thee a clot of saggings."

Bonny looked longingly at his fetish; but gratitude and true love got the better of veneration. Polly, moreover, might well be trusted to preserve this idol, until in the day when he made her his own, it should return into his bosom. And so it came to pass that this Palladium of the hermitage was set up at the head of Polly

Bottler's little crib, and installed in the post of her favourite doll.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THOUGH Coombe Lorraine was so old a mansion, and so full of old customs, the Christmas of the "comet year" was as dull as a Sunday in a warehouse. Hilary (who had always been the life of the place) was far away, fed upon hardships and short rations. Alice, though full sometimes of spirits, at other times would run away, and fret, and blame herself, as if the whole of the fault was on her side. This was of course an absurd idea; but sensitive girls, in moods of dejection, are not good judges of absurdity; and Alice at such times fully believed that if she had not intercepted so much of her father's affection from her brother, things would have been very different. It might have been so; but the answer was, that she never had wittingly stood between them; but on the contrary had laid herself out, even at the risk of offending both, to bring their widely different natures into kinder unity.

Sir Roland also was becoming more and more reserved and meditative. He would sit for hours in his book-room, immersed in his favourite studies, or rather absorbed in his misty abstractions. And Lady Valeria did not add to the cheer of the household, although perhaps she did increase its comfort, by suddenly ceasing to interfere with Mrs. Pipkins and everybody else, and sending for the parson of the next parish, because she had no faith in Mr. Hales. That worthy's unprofessional visits, and those of his wife and daughters, were now almost the only pleasant incidents of the day or week. For the country was more and more depressed by the gloomy burden of endless war, the scarcity of the fruits of the earth, and the slaughter of good brave people. So that as the time went on, what with miserable expeditions, pestilence, long campaigns, hard sieges, furious battles, and starvation — there was scarcely any decent family that was not gone into mourning.

Even the Rector, as lucky a man as ever lived, had lost a nephew, or at least a nephew of his dear wife, — which, he said, was almost worse to him — slain in battle, fighting hard for his country and constitution. Mr. Hales preached a beautiful sermon, as good as a book, about it; so that the parish wept, and three young men enlisted.

The sheep were down in the lowlands

now, standing up to their knees in litter, and chewing very slowly; or sidling up against one another in the joy of woolliness; or lying down with their bare grave noses stretched for contemplation's sake, winking with their gentle eyes, and thanking God for the roof above them, and the troughs in front of them. They never regarded themselves as mutton, nor their fleeces as worsted yarn: it was really sad to behold them, and think that the future could not make them miserable.

No snow had fallen; but all the downs were spread with that sombre brown which is the breath or the blast of the wind-frost. But Alice Lorraine took her daily walk, for her father forbade her to ride on the hill-tops in the bleak and bitter wind. Her thoughts were continually of her brother; and as the cold breeze rattled her cloak, or sprayed her soft hands through her gloves, many a time she said to herself: "I suppose there is no frost in Spain; or not like this, at any rate. How could the poor fellow sleep in a tent in such dreadful weather as this is?"

How little she dreamed that he had to sleep (whenever he got such a blissful chance), not in a tent, but an open trench, with a keener wind and a blacker frost preying on his shivering bones, while cannon-balls and fiery shells in a pitiless storm rushed over him! It was no feather-bed fight that was fought in front of Ciudad Rodrigo. About the middle of January, A.D. 1812, desperate work was going on.

For now there was no time to think of life. Within a certain number of days the fort must be taken, or the army lost. The defences were strong and the garrison brave, and supplied with artillery far superior to that of the besiegers; the season also, and the bitter weather, fought against the British; and so did the indolence of their allies; and so did British roguery. The sappers could only work in the dark (because of the grape from the ramparts); and working thus, the tools either bent beneath their feet or snapped off short. The contractor had sent out false-grained stuff, instead of good English steel and iron; and if in this world he earned his fortune, he assured his fate in the other.

At length, by stubborn perseverance, most of these troubles were overcome, and the English batteries opened. Roar answered roar, and bullet bullet, and the

black air was moved with fire and smoke; and men began to study the faces of the men that shot at them, until, after some days of hard pounding, it was determined to rush in. All who care to read of valour know what a desperate rush it was, — how strong men struggled, and leaped, and clomb, hung, and swung, on the crest of the breach, like stormy surges towering, and then leaped down upon spluttering shells, drawn swords, and sparkling bayonets.

Before the signal to storm was given, and while men were talking of it, Hilary Lorraine felt most uncomfortably nervous. He did not possess that stolid phlegm which is found more often in square-built people; neither had he any share of fatalism, cold or hot. He was nothing more than a spirited young Englishman, very fond of life, hating cruelty, and fearing to have any hand in it. Although he had been in the trenches, and exposed to frequent dangers, he had not been in hand-to-hand conflict yet; and he knew not how he might behave. He knew that he was an officer now in the bravest and hardest army known on earth since the time of the Samnites — although perhaps not the very best behaved, as they proved that self-same night. And not only that, but an officer of the famous Light Division, and the fiercest regiment of that division — everywhere known as the "Fighters;" and he was not sure that he could fight a frog. He was sure that he never could kill anybody, at least in his natural state of mind; and worse than that, he was not at all sure that he could endure to be killed himself.

However, he made preparation for it. He brought out the Testament Mabel had given him as a parting keepsake, in the moment of true love's piety; and he opened it at a passage marked with a woven tress of her long rich hair — "Soldiers, do that is commanded of you;" and he wondered whether he could manage it. And while he was trembling, not with fear of the enemy, but of his own young heart, the Colonel of that regiment came, and laid his one hand on Hilary's shoulder, and looked into his bright blue eyes. In all the army there was no braver, nobler, or kinder-hearted man, than Colonel C — of that regiment.

Hilary looked at this true veteran with all the reverence, and even awe, which a young subaltern (if fit for anything) feels

for commanding experience. Never a word he spoke, however, but waited to be spoken to.

"You will do, lad. You will do," said the Colonel, who had little time to spare. "I would rather see you like that than uproarious, or even as cool as a cucumber. I was just like that before my first action. Lorraine, you will not disgrace your family, your country, or your regiment."

The Colonel had lost two sons in battle, younger men than Hilary, otherwise he might not have stopped to enter into an ensign's mind. But every word he spoke struck fire in the heart of this gentle youth. True gratitude chokes common answers; and Hilary made none to him. An hour afterwards he made it, by saving the life of the Colonel.

The Light Division (kept close and low from the sight of the sharp French gunners) were waiting in a hollow curve of the inner parallel, where the ground gave way a little, under San Francisco. There had been no time to do anything more than breach the stone of the ramparts; all the outer defences were almost as sound as ever. The Light Division had orders to carry the lesser breach — cost what it might — and then sweep the ramparts as far as the main breach, where the strong assault was. And so well did they do their work, that they turned the auxiliary into the main attack, and bodily carried the fortress.

For, sooth to say, they expected, but could not manage to wait for, the signal to storm. No sooner did they hear the firing on the right than they began to stamp and swear; for the hay-bags they were to throw into the ditch were not at hand, and not to be seen. "Are we horses to wait for the hay?" cried an Irishman of the Fifty-second; and with that they all set off, as fast as ever their legs could carry them. Hilary laughed — for his sense of humour was never very far to seek — at the way in which these men set off, as if it were a game of football; and at the wonderful mixture of fun and fury in their faces. Also, at this sudden burlesque of the tragedy he expected — with heroes out at heels and elbows, and small-clothes streaming upon the breeze. For the British Government, as usual, left coats, shoes, and breeches to last forever.

"Run, lad, run," said Major Napier, in his quiet Scottish way; "you are bound to be up with them, as one might say; and your legs are unco long. I shall na

hoory mysell, but take the short cut over the open."

"May I come with you?" asked Hilary, panting.

"If you have na mither nor wife," said the Major; "na wife, of course, by the look of you."

Lorraine had no sense what he was about; for the grape-shot whistled through the air like hornets, and cut off one of his loose fair locks, as he crossed the open with Major Napier, to head their hot men at the crest of the glacis.

Now how things happened after that, or even what things happened at all, that headlong young officer never could tell. As he said in his letter to Gregory Lovejoy — for he was not allowed to write to Mabel, and would not describe such a scene to Alice — "The chief thing I remember is a lot of rushing and stumbling, and swearing and cheering, and staggering and tumbling backward. And I got a tremendous crack on the head from a cannon laid across the top of the breach, but luckily not a loaded one; and I believe there were none of our fellows in front of me, but I cannot be certain because of the smoke, and the row, and the rush, and confusion; and I saw a Crapaud with a dead level at Colonel C—. I suppose I was too small game for him, — and I was just in time to slash his trigger-hand off (which I felt justified in doing), and his musket went up in the air and went off, and I just jumped aside from a fine bearded fellow who rushed at me with a bayonet; and before he could have at me again, he fell dead, shot by his own friends from behind, who were shooting at me — more shame to them — when our men charged with empty muskets. And when the breach was our own, we were formed on the top of the rampart, and went off at double-quick, to help at the main breach, and so we did; and that is about all I know of it."

But the more experienced warriors knew a great deal more of Hilary's doings, especially Colonel C — of his regiment, and Major Napier, and Colonel M'Leod. All of these said that "they never saw any young fellow behave so well, for the first time of being under deadly fire; that he might have been 'off his head' for the moment, but that would very soon wear off — or if it did not, all the better, so long as he always did the right thing thus; and (unless he got shot) he would be an honour to the country, the army, and the regiment!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAVING no love of bloodshed, and having the luck to know nothing about it, some of us might be glad to turn into the white gate across the lane leading into Old Applewood farm — if only the franklin would unlock it for anybody in this war-time. But now he has been getting sharper and sharper month after month; and hearing so much about sieges and battles, he never can be certain when the county of Kent will be invaded. For the last ten years he has expected something of the sort at least, and being of a prudent mind keeps a duck-gun heavily loaded.

Moreover, Mabel is back again from exile with Uncle Clitherow; and though the Grower only says that "she is well enough, for aught he knows," when compliments are paid him about her good looks by the neighbourhood, he knows well enough that she is more than that; and he believes all the county to be after her. It is utterly useless to deny — though hot indignation would expand his horticultural breast at the thought — that he may have been just a little set up, by that trifling affair about Hilary. "It never were the cherries," he says to himself, as the author of a great discovery; "aha, I seed it all along! Wife never guessed of it, but I did!" — shame upon thee, Grower, for telling thyself such a dreadful "caulker!" — "and now we can see, as plain as a pikestaff, the very thing I seed, when it was that big!" Upon this he shows himself his thumb-nail, and feels that he has earned a glass of his ale.

Mabel, on the other hand, is dreadfully worried by foreign affairs. She wants to know why they must be always fighting; and as nobody can give any other reason, except that they "suppose it is nateral," she only can shake her head very sadly, and ask, "How would you like to have to do it?"

They turn up the udders of the cows, to think out this great question, and the spurting into the pail stops short, and the cow looks round with great bountiful eyes, and a flat broad nose, and a spotted tongue, desiring to know what they are at with her. Is her milk not worth the milking, pray?

This leads to no satisfaction whatever, upon behalf of any one; and Mabel, after a shiver or two, runs back to the broad old fireplace, to sit in the light and the smell of the wood, to spread her pointed

fingers forth, and see how clear they are, and think. For Mabel's hands are quite as pretty as if they were of true Norman blood, instead of the elder Danish cast; and she is very particular now not to have any line visible under her nails.

And now in the month of February 1812, before the witching festival of St. Valentine was prepared for, with cudgelling of brains, and violent rhymes, and criminal assaults upon grammar, this "flower of Kent" — as the gallant hop-growers in toasting moments entitled her — was sitting, or standing, or drooping her head, or whatever suits best to their metaphor, at or near the fireplace in the warm old simple hall. Love, however warm and faithful, is all the better for a good clear fire, ere ever the snowdrops begin to spring. Also it loves to watch the dancing of the flames, and the flickering light, and even in the smoke discovers something to itself akin. Mabel was full of these beautiful dreams, because she was left altogether to herself; and because she remembered so well what had happened along every inch of the dining-table; and, above all, because she was sleepy. Long anxiety, and great worry, and the sense of having no one fit to understand a girl — but everybody taking low, and mercenary, and fickle views, and even the most trusty people giving base advice to one, in those odious proverbial forms, — "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," "Fast find fast bind," "There is better fish in the sea," &c.; Mabel thought there never had been such a selfish world to deal with.

Has not every kind of fame, however pure it may be and exalted, its own special disadvantage, lest poor mortals grow too proud? At any rate Mabel now reflected, rather with sorrow than with triumph, upon her fame for pancakes — because it was Shrove-Tuesday now, and all her tender thrills and deep anxieties must be discarded for, or at any rate distracted by, the composition of batter. Her father's sense of propriety was so strong, and that of excellence so keen, that pancakes he would have on Shrove-Tuesday, and pancakes only from Mabel's hand. She had pleaded, however, for leave to make them here in the dining-hall, instead of frying them at the kitchen fireplace, because she knew what Sally the cook and Susan the maid would be at with her. Those two girls would never leave her the smallest chance of retiring into her deeper nature, and meditating. Although they could understand nothing

at all, they would take advantage of her good temper, to enjoy themselves with the most worn-out jokes. Such trumpery was below Mabel now; and some day or other she would let them know it.

Without thinking twice of such low matters, the maiden was now in great trouble of the heart, by reason of sundry rumours. Paddy from Cork had brought home word from Maidstone only yesterday, that a desperate fight had been fought in Spain, and almost everybody had been blown up. Both armies had made up their minds to die so, that with the drums beating and the colours flying, they marched into a powder magazine, and tossed up a pin which should be the one to fire it, and blow up the others. And the English had lost the toss, and no one survived to tell the story.

Mabel doubted most of this, though Paddy vowed that he had known the like, "when wars was wars, and the boys had spirit;" still she felt sure that there had been something, and she longed most sadly to know all about it. Her brother Gregory was in London, keeping his Hilary term, and slaving at his wretched law-books; and she had begged him, if he loved her, to send down all the latest news by John Shorne every market-day—for the post would not carry newspapers. And now, having mixed her batter, she waited, sleepy after sleepless nights, unable to leave her post and go to meet the van, as she longed to do, the while the fire was clearing.

Pensively sitting thus, and longing for somebody to look at her, she glanced at the face of the clock, which was the only face regarding her. And she won from it but the stern frown of time—she must set to at her pancakes. Batter is all the better for standing ready-made for an hour or so, the weaker particles expire, while the good stuff grows the more fit to be fried, and to turn over in the pan properly. With a gentle sigh, the "flower of Kent" put her frying-pan on, just to warm the bottom. No lard for her, but the best fresh butter—at any rate for the first half-dozen, to be set aside for her father and mother; after that she would be more frugal perhaps.

But just as the butter began to ooze on the bottom of the pan she heard, or thought that she heard, a sweet distant tinkle coming through the frosty air, and running to the window she caught beyond doubt the sound of the bells at the corner of the lane, the bells that the horses always wore when the nights were dark

and long; and a throb of eager hope and fear went to her heart at every tinkle.

"I cannot wait; how can I wait?" she cried, with flushing cheeks and eyes twice-laden between smiles and tears; "father's pancakes can wait much better. There, go back," she spoke to the frying-pan, as with the prudent care of a fine young housewife she lifted it off and laid it on the hob for fear of the butter burning; and then with quick steps out she went, not even stopping to find a hat, in her hurry to meet the van, and know the best or the worst of the news of the war. For "crusty John," who would go through fire and water to please Miss Mabel, had orders not to come home without the very latest tidings. There was nothing to go to market now; but the van had been up with a load of straw to some mews where the Grower had taken a contract; and, of course, it came loaded back with litter.

While Mabel was all impatience and fright, John Shorne, in the most deliberate manner, descended from the driving-box, and purposely shunning her eager glance, began to unfasten the leader's traces, and pass them through his horny hands, and coil them into elegant spirals, like horns of Jupiter Ammon. Mabel's fear grew worse and worse, because he would not look at her.

"Oh John, you never could have the heart to keep me waiting like this, unless——"

"What! you there, Missie? Lor' now, what can have brought 'ee out this weather?"

"As if you did not see me, John! Why, you must have seen me all along."

"This here be such a dreadful horse to smoke," said John, who always shunned downright fibs, "that raily I never knows what I do see when I be longside of un. Ever since us come out of Sennoaks, he have a been confusing of me. Not that I blames un for what a can't help. Now there, now! The watter be frozen in trough. Go to the bucket, jackanapes!"

"Oh John, you never do seem to think—because you have got so many children only fit to go to school, you seem to think——"

"Why, you said as I couldn't think now, Missie, in the last breath of your pretty mouth. Well, what is it as I ought to think? Whoa there! Stand still, wull 'ee?"

"John, you really are too bad. I have been all the morning making pancakes,

and you shan't have one, John Shorne, you shan't, if you keep me waiting one more second."

"Is it consarnin' they fighting fellows you gets into such a hurry, Miss? Well, they have had a rare fight, sure enough! Fourscore officers gone to glory, besides all the others as was not worth counting!"

"Oh John, you give me such a dreadful pain here! Let me know the worst, I do implore you."

"He aint one of 'em. Now, is that enough?" John Shorne made so little of true love now, and forgot his early situation so, in the bosom of a hungry family, that he looked upon Mabel's "coorting" as an agreeable playground for little jokes. But now he was surprised and frightened at her way of taking them.

"There, don't 'ee cry now, that's a dear," he said, as she leaned on the shaft of the wagon, and sobbed so that the near wheeler began in pure sympathy to sniff at her.

"Lord bless 'ee, there be nothing to cry about. He've a been and dooed wonders, that a hath."

"Of course he has, John; he could not help it. He was sure to do wonders, don't you see, if only — if only they did not stop him."

"He hathn't killed Bonyparty yet," said John, recovering his vein of humour, as Mabel began to smile through her tears; "but I b'lieve he wool, if he gooth on only half so well as he have begun. For my part, I'd soonder kill dree of un than sell out in a bad market, I know. But here, you can take it, and read all about un. Lor' bless me, wherever have I put the papper?"

"Now do be quick, John, for once in your life. Dear John, do try to be quick, now."

"Stroinary gallantry of a young hoffer! Could have sworn that it were in my breeches-pocket. I always thought 'gallantry' meant something bad. A running after strange women, and that."

"Oh no, John — oh no, John; it never does. How can you think of such dreadful things? But how long are you going to be, John?"

"Well, it did when I wor a boy, that's certain. But now they changes everything so — even the words we was born to. It have come to mean killing of strange men, hath it? Wherever now can I have put that papper? I must have dropped un on the road, after all."

"You never can have done such a stupid thing! — such a wicked, cruel thing, John Shorne! If you have, I will never forgive you. Very likely you put it in the crown of your hat."

"Sure enough, and so I did. You must be a witch, Miss Mabel. And here's the very corner I turned down when I read it to the folk at the 'Pig and Whistle.' 'Glorious British victory — capture of Shoedad Rodleygo — eighty British officers killed, and forty great guns taken!' There, there, bless your bright eyes! now will you be content with it?"

"Oh, give it me, give it me! How can I tell until I have read it ten times over?"

Crusty John blessed all the girls of the period (becoming more and more too many for him) as his master's daughter ran away to devour that greasy journal. And by the time he had pulled his coat off, and shouted for Paddy and another man, and stuck his own pitchfork into the litter, as soon as they had backed the wheelers, Mabel was up in her own little room, and down on her knees to thank the Lord for the abstract herself had made of it. Somehow or other, the natural impulse of all good girls, at that time, was to believe that they had a Creator and Father whom to thank for all mercies. But that idea has been improved since then.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ESSAYS BY RICHARD CONGREVE.

THERE are few things easier to the philosopher and critic than to attack existing religion. The mere fact that it is existing connects the most divine faith with the human imperfections of its believers, and throws the mist of many a futile interpretation and stupid comment upon the purest and most celestial verity; not to speak of the still more evident practical difficulty of reconciling the blunders, faults, or even crimes of those who profess to follow it, with its teachings — a visible discrepancy which always gives room for the blaspheming of the adversary. This is easy enough; and there has come at periodical intervals, through all the Christian era, a time when it has become a sort of fashion to indulge in railings to this effect; nay, even to go farther, and denounce Christianity itself as a thing ended and over — as a

religion which has had its day—as a spiritual system effete, and falling useless, unadapted to the requirements of the time. The present moment is one of those frequently recurring periods; and we are all tolerably well accustomed to hear words said, which to our fathers would have seemed blasphemy, without wincing. Many a witling is to be heard complacently declaring that the old faith is not “up” to the requirements of the day; and that Christianity has become blear-eyed and paralyzed and old, as John Bunyan, no witling, but deceived as all men so easily are, once described his Giant Pope. Christianity survives the clatter of ill tongues, as Giant Pope survived the inspired dreamer’s ignorant certainty; and so long as the men who thus execute their will upon religion live securely under her shadow, they are safe, and no particular harm is done. So long as no rebuilding is required, the work of destruction is always entertaining to the human spirit. From the baby to the philosopher, we all rejoice in the dust and the clamour of demolition, even when it is but imaginary. But when the iconoclast leaves the facile sphere in which he has it all his own way, and can knock down every man of straw he pleases to set up, and takes in hand a painful attempt to set something new in the place of the old, then difficulties arise and multiply round. Few people venture to undertake so difficult a task; and this makes it all the more wonderful when we suddenly light, amid all the tumults of ordinary existence, upon an individual who has actually ventured to throw himself into the forlorn hope, and become an apostle of a bran-new creed, with new principles, new worship, and new hopes.

We are not, for our own part, deeply interested in M. Comte any more than we are in Joe Smith or the Prophet Mormon; but such a revelation as that which is given to us by M. Comte’s chief disciple* in England is full of interest to the curious spectator. Mr. Congreve’s book contains his opinions on a great many subjects, political, social, and as he chooses to use the word, religious; but these opinions are not nearly so interesting, so strange, so novel, or so amusing as the spectacle of himself which he here sets up before us. Were it not that this odd and startling exhibition of simplicity, devotion, and faith, does all that such fine qualities

can to redeem the foolishness, and vanity, and emptiness of the system of which Mr. Congreve is a priest, we could scarcely venture to insist upon such a portrait of a living man; but the lines are drawn by his own hand and not by ours; an exhibition more pathetic or more humorous has seldom been given to the world. The artist, however, is entirely unconscious at once of the pathos and the humour; and the quaint mixture of philosophical atheism and materialism, with the form and essence of a home missionary report, or Methodist class teacher’s account of his “work” and all its helps and hindrances—is made in the most perfect good faith, and with the profoundest seriousness, with all the self-belief of an apostle. Such qualities are rare in the world; and of all places in which to look for them, it is like enough that the Church of Humanity would have been the last which we should have tried. Neither is it we or any profane spectator who has brought to light the private meetings of the Positivist community, and the discourses of the gentle, narrow, expansive, and excitable enthusiast, who thus mixes up the smallest of parochial details with the widest of doctrinal abstractions, and announces the vast claims of a Priesthood destined to hold in its hands the education of all the world, in the same breath with which he utters a plaintive doubt whether the body to which this Priesthood belongs will ever be able to acquire for itself a room in which to hold its worship! most whimsical blending of the possible and impossible. Mr. Congreve was, we believe, in other times, a man of distinction in the world which he has quitted; but we have nothing to do with his career before he reached the mental cloister in which he worships the Founder of his new faith. No son of Benedict or of Francis ever more entirely separated himself from the world. The hair-shirt and the coarse gown were as nothing in comparison with the new, strange panoply of motive and thought in which this priest of a new religion has clothed himself. The picture of himself and his strange brotherhood which he sets before us is often, as we have already said, as touching as it is odd—and, what is more strange still, as commonplace as it is quaint and out of the way.

It must be allowed that to start a bran-new religion, so low down here in the nineteenth century, is such a task as the strongest might quail before. None of

* Essays, Political, Social, and Religious. By Richard Congreve. Longmans, 1874.

those accessories which were of such infinite service to the old primeval fathers of human belief, so much as exist nowadays. Those stories which the wise call myths, but which the unlearned always take for gospel, can no longer do the philosophical framer of a new creed any service. He cannot, alas ! call to his aid those impersonations upon which all old beliefs are founded — those gods who still hold a lingering poetical sway in the classic soul of here and there a dainty Grecian, in academic Oxford or elsewhere. Neither Apollo nor Brahma can aid him. Neither can he get the help of the strong hand as Mohammed did, and add temporal ascendancy, power, and greatness to celestial rewards as inducements to believe. The last new religion of all (except M. Comte's) has seized perhaps the only weapon remaining of a fleshly kind, and supports its ethical system (if it has one) by such social overturn as brings it within a vulgar level of popular effectiveness ; but even if this instrument had not been appropriated, we doubt whether that vulgar instrumentality which does well enough for the Salt Lake City, would have answered in Paris, where there are less means of actual expansion, and where the houses are not adapted for patriarchal institutions. That which M. Comte and his followers call the Religion of Humanity, is thus deprived of all extraneous aid. M. Auguste Comte himself, and Madame Clotilde de Vaux, are the sole objects of its mythology ; and sufficient time has scarcely elapsed since these great personages left the world, to permit any gentle illusion of the imagination, any softening mist of antiquity to fall upon the sharp outlines of the real. And this creed, which has no personal foundation except the life of a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, no doctrines but abstract ones, no rewards, no punishments, no hopes, no terrors — nothing tangible enough, indeed, to come within the mental range of ordinary mortals — is the religion which Mr. Congreve is personally propagating at 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, in rooms which the community has at last procured, and adorned with busts, &c., to make them fit for the lofty purpose of regenerating the world — and of which he sets up the ensign and symbol in this book, so that circles out of the reach of Chapel Street may hear and know and seek that shrine, to be instructed in the religion of the later days. A bolder enterprise was surely

never undertaken by any sane (or for that matter, insane) man.

We have said that Mr. Congreve is much more interesting to us than the founder whom he worships. Of M. Comte we have nothing to say. He had at least all the *elan* and the satisfaction of an inventor launching forth a new thing into the world, and doubtless found in it enough of personal gratification and elevation to make up for any trouble in arranging the canons of his faith. His disciple is infinitely more disinterested. To him, we presume, the Religion of Humanity has brought much loss — it can have brought no gain. Neither honour nor applause, nor even respect, can have come to him from his devotion to a set of principles which affect the general world with wonder or with ridicule only — not even with that vague admiration for something beautiful, that moral approbation of something good, mixed up with error, which every genuine Belief has secured from its candid critics. The tenets which good sense rejects are often lovely to the imagination, and those which are condemned by the heart, lay, in some cases, a bond of logical truth upon the understanding from which it cannot escape even if it would. But we find it impossible to conceive that either the general heart, mind, or imagination, could find anything in the Gospel which Mr. Congreve believes so fervently to justify the childlike devotion which he gives it, or to vindicate the wonderful faith and self-abnegation which are apparent in these essays. We say to vindicate his self-abnegation ; for every sacrifice, to gain respect, must be capable of vindication on some reasonable ground ; and this vindication has scarcely ever been wanting even to fanatics. Putting aside Christianity — which we are not prepared to discuss on the same level with any other belief prevalent among men, but which we believe to be as much nobler and loftier in its earthly point of view as it is diviner in every sanction and authority of heaven — there is no one of what are commonly called the false religions of the world, for which a man's sacrifice of himself might not be justified by the judgment of his fellows, on condition of his personal faith in it. We can understand and respect the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, even the gentleman whom, under the name of a Fetishist, Mr. Congreve admits into his fullest fellowship, and whose adoration of his grim symbol of Godhead, refers, we

do not doubt, dimly to some spiritual being. The old gods of Greece are so vague and far off that it is hard to realize the time when there was any general faith in Jupiter or Apollo. Yet even for Apollo and Jupiter it is possible to understand that a man might have lived and died, feeling in those high-seated shadows of Olympus some glory above himself, some greatness, soiled by fleshly symbol and imperfect revelation, but still more glorious than anything of earth — something which could understand the worshipper, and comprehend his littleness in its greatness, and overshadow him with sublime wings of spiritual reality, according to the vision of the inspired Hebrew. With all these worshippers we have a certain sympathy. Such as their gods were, they were still beyond, above themselves; deifications, if you choose, of their own ideal, but yet proving that divine birthright of human nature, the necessity for an ideal — the yearning of mankind for some stay and refuge above itself. Wherever a man believes that he has found this, however erroneous his conclusions may be, or ill-founded his confidence, he has yet a right to the sympathy of his fellows, and to their respect, for whatever sacrifice he may make.

But what shall we think of the man who sacrifices himself, his reason and learning, and all his advantages, at the shrine of an abstraction which it requires a very great effort to apprehend at all, and which, being apprehended, is nought, and never can be but nought; too unsubstantial even to be called a vision, too vague to be realized? The Positivist Philosophy is one thing, the Religion of Humanity another: and it is one of the most curious revenges of Nature, that the most materialistic of all philosophical systems — that which binds earth and heaven within iron bands of immovable, irresistible, physical law, rejecting all mind, all thought, all soul in the government of the universe — should be thus linked to the most vague, abstract, and fantastic faith that ever entered into the imagination of man. Or perhaps, indeed, it would be better to say that this fanciful foolish faith is but a piteous effort of the mind to compensate itself somehow for a thralldom more than the spirit of man can bear; setting up a dim image of itself — poor soul! — not much knowing what it means, upon the ravaged altar, to get a little cold comfort out of that in the absence of any God or shadow of a God. The fruitless prayers, the faint

hymns that rise before this darkling shrine, what can there be on earth more pathetic? — last effort of humanity, which must cry out in its trouble, and babble in its joy, to something — to the air, to the desert, to the waste sands and seas, if to nothing that can hear, and feel, and respond.

We will, however, permit Mr. Congreve himself to describe the object, or rather objects, of worship to which he has devoted himself. He explains to us, first, how M. Comte became enlightened as to the central point in his creed; how he "stood revealed to himself, and his work also stood in a new light before him." "The unity of the human race, over whose progress he had pondered, had long been a conviction with him; with the conception, too, of humanity as a higher organism, he had familiarized himself, and by the light of that conception had interpreted its past and meditated on its future." But when, in the course of events, M. Comte met Madame de Vaux and felt himself stimulated and enlightened by "the genuine human love of a noble woman," his previous conclusions all at once took force and form. "The conviction became faith; the organism in which he believed claimed and received his veneration and his love — in other words, his worship." In such a delicate argument it is necessary to be perfectly clear and definite in expression: the conviction which became faith was that of the "unity of the human race;" the organism which received his worship was Humanity. Mr. Congreve adds his own profession of faith.

We who share that faith, that veneration, that love; we who would worship as he worshipped; we who would preach by our lives, and, when possible, by our spoken or written words, that great Being whose existence is now revealed — that Being of whom all the earlier divinities which man has created as the guardians of his childhood and early youth are but anticipations, — we can appreciate the greatness of the change which his labour has effected. We can see, and each in his several measure can proclaim to others, that what was but a dim instinct has become a truth, in the power of which we can meet all difficulties; that where there was inquiry there is now knowledge; where there was anxious searching there is now possession; that uncertainty has now given way to confidence, despondency to courage. We see families forming into tribes, and tribes into cities or states, and states into yet larger unions. . . . We feel that the ascending series is not complete; that as the family in the earliest state is at war with other families — the tribe at war with

other tribes, so the nations and races are at variance with each other; and that as the remedy in each previous case has been the fusion of the smaller into the larger organism, so it must be still the same if the process is to be completed, and that no more than the single family or the isolated tribe can the greatest nation or the most powerful race stand wholesomely alone. All must bend, all must acknowledge a common superior, a higher organism, detached from which they lose themselves and their true nature, become selfish and degraded. Still higher organisms there may be; we know not. If there be, we know that we cannot neglect the one we know, nor refuse to avail ourselves of the aid which it can give us when once acknowledged and accepted.

We accept it then, and believe in it. We see the benefits Humanity has reaped for us by her toilsome and suffering past; we feel that we are her children, that we owe her all; and seeing and feeling this, we love, adore, and serve. For we see in her no mere idea of the intellect, but a living organism within the range of our knowledge. The family has ever been allowed to be real; the state has ever been allowed to be real; St. Paul felt, and since him, in all ages, Christians have felt, that the Church was real. We claim no less for Humanity; we feel no less that Humanity is real, requiring the same love, the same service, the same devotion. . . . In the exercise of her power she proceeds to complete herself by two great creations.

As we contemplate man's action and existence, we are led to think of the sphere in which they take place, and of the invariable laws under which they are developed. We rest not then in any narrow or exclusive spirit in Humanity, but we pass to the Earth, our common mother, as the general language of man, the correct index to the universal feeling, has ever delighted to call her, and from the earth we rise to the system of which she is a part. We look back on the distant ages, when the earth was preparing herself for the habitation of man, and with gratitude and love we acknowledge her past and present services. . . . The invariable laws under which Humanity is placed have received various names at different periods. Destiny, Fate, Necessity, Heaven, Providence, all are many names of one and the same conception—the laws that man feels himself under, and that without the power of escaping from them. We claim no exception from the common lot. We only wish to draw out into consciousness the instinctive acceptance of the race, and to modify the spirit in which we regard them. We accept, so have all men: we obey, so have all men. We venerate, so have some in past ages or in other countries. We add but one other term, we love. We would perfect our submission, and so reap the full benefits of submission in the improvement of our hearts and tempers. We take in conception the sum of the conditions of existence, and we give

them an ideal being and a definite home in Space—the second great creation which completes the central one of Humanity. In the bosom of Space we place the World—and we conceive of the World, and this our mother earth, as gladly welcomed to that bosom with the simplest and purest love, and we give our love in return.

Thou art folded, thou art lying,
In the light that is undying.

Thus we complete the Trinity of our Religion—Humanity, the World, and Space. So completed, we recognize its power to give unity and definiteness to our thoughts, purity and warmth to our affections, scope and vigour to our activity. We recognize its power to regulate our whole being; to give us that which it has so long been the aim of all religion to give—internal union. . . . It harmonizes us within ourselves by the strong power of love, and it binds us to our fellow-men by the same power. It awakens and quickens our sympathy with the past, uniting us with the generations that are gone by firmer ties than have ever been imagined hitherto. It teaches us to live in the interest and for the good of the generations that are to follow in the long succession of years. It teaches us that for our action in our own generation, we must live in dutiful submission to the lessons of the past, to the voice of the dead, and at the same time we must evoke the future by the power of imagination, and endeavour so to shape our action that it may conduce to the advantage of that future.

This full exposition of the Religion of Humanity will, we fear, make many a reader lose himself in sheer confusion and bewilderment; for if his attention has faltered for a moment, it is not so easy to take up the thread or identify the "being" whose existence Mr. Congreve tells us "is now revealed," or those still more shadowy abstractions which complete, as he says, "the Trinity of our religion." For ourselves we are bound to say, though not willing altogether to own ourselves deficient in that attribute, our imagination sinks back appalled at the tremendous strain thus made upon it. The divine Trinity of the Christian Faith has tried many a devout soul into which doubt or unbelief never entered; but the Trinity of the Humanitarian goes a long way beyond the Athanasian Creed. How are we to lift our minds to the supreme regions in which Humanity means not a vast multitude of faulty men and women, "but a great Being"—where the Earth prepares herself for the habitation of man, and Space welcomes the Earth into her bosom "with the simplest and purest love"? The words alone make the brain reel. We can but gasp

and gaze at the speaker who deals familiarly with such unknown quantities, and professes even to "love" the Space which is one of his divinities. How does a man feel, we wonder, when he loves Space? Is the emotion stupendous as its object? In the nature of things it must be, we should suppose, a chilly sort of passion, not making a very great demand upon the feelings.

We are half inclined to laugh, but rather more than half inclined to a very different exercise when we turn from the belief thus propounded to the person who sets it forth, with all that gentle reiteration which belongs to the preacher, and an apparent warmth of pious sentiment such as must be peculiar to the man. Many wonderful phenomena has the conjunction of atheism and faith produced in the world; for indeed an unbelieving head and a credulous heart are often enough conjoined, and the marriage has produced abortions of strange delusion enough to astonish the most experienced observer: but very seldom, we think, has any one ventured to stand up before a world, still in its senses, and propound so extraordinary a faith, so piously, so fervently, so simply, as Mr. Congreve has done. He has the first qualification of a preacher—the art of believing what he himself says, and believing it with earnest force and conviction. These words sound much too real when we think what are the objects of his faith; and yet, so far as he is concerned, they are evidently true. No lukewarm zeal shines through the discourse, but a real warmth, which increases still more the amazement with which we gaze at the man. However woful and wonderful his creed may be, he believes it by some extraordinary witchcraft. He talks to us of Humanity and Space as a man might talk of God and Christ, with moisture in his eyes and a certain expansion and glow of being, as if the words inspired him. Strange fact!—but true. Almost we wish, for Mr. Congreve's sake, that we could respect his belief more, and feel his abnegation of all reasonableness more justifiable. If he were a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or a born Brahmin, it is with a kind of reverence that we should contemplate the believer so profoundly certain of his faith and eager to extend its sway. But after we have heard him hold forth for pages together about Humanity and Space, about the Founder and his memory, about the duties of the new-born tiny sect, and their fellowship of the saints with the congre-

gation in Paris and that in America—when the tension of our wondering gaze relaxes, what utterance is possible to the beholder but that tremulous laugh which is the only alternative of weeping, over the prelections of this gentle enthusiast, this amiable fanatic? A laugh is a sorry performance as commentary in such a matter; but there is only one other alternative which could express the puzzled bewilderment and painful wonder which rise in our minds; and indeed even tears do not render so well the pity and amusement, the sympathy and impatience, the admiration we feel for the loyal disciple, the sense of provoked vexation and annoyance with which we look upon the wasted man.

We cannot venture in our limited space to quote much more largely from the curious book, which, however is but little likely, we should suppose, to meet with many readers. The mixture of home mission details with the grandeur of this philosophical religion, is still more odd here than it generally is when mixed up with genuine feeling and serious thought. Some of these contrasts, indeed, are too comical to be passed without notice. In one of these discourses, for instance, we are taught what is the office of the Priesthood (when formed) in the Religion of Humanity, how wide are their claims, and how lofty is the position they aspire to. Such claims Mr. Congreve tells us—and with truth—no Christian priest would venture to put forth; and wisely—for if he did, no community would ever allow them. But the Priesthood of Humanity will take higher ground than is possible to that of Christendom. Here is the statement of their claims:—

I begin by restating what I have often stated before—my conviction that for the full meeting of the difficulties, for the satisfactory accomplishment of the work of education in all its complexity, there is no other power but religion to which we can profitably appeal; that for the instruction of this and other nations, we must rely on a religious organization,—on the organization, that is, of a body of men animated by the same religious convictions, undertaking the task in the same spirit as a religious duty, and making its performance the ground of their whole existence and action—the justification of their being an organization. In other words, none but a Priesthood can be qualified to instruct—none but a Priesthood can duly guide society to the right conception of education, to the right conception of its more peculiar organ—the family, and of its own action in subordination to that organ.

Then arises the question, Is there such a body? There exist Priesthoods around us of more or less power and cohesion. But there is not which would claim to answer to the description given. . . . The new Priesthood of Humanity now in the slow process of formation enters then on ground not previously occupied, when it claims for itself the province of higher instruction as its peculiar work, its *raison d'être*—the great primary object of its existence and action, that on which all its other functions are seen to rest. It is as yet, as I said, but in the process of formation; it needs long and vigorous efforts from all the servants of Humanity to aid it in its constitution; but whilst recognizing these facts, we who, by the force of circumstances and the exigencies of our position, are, however imperfectly, members of this nascent organization, must not shrink from claiming for it that which is to be its appropriate province. It, and it alone, if worthy of its place, can instruct the children of Humanity with the complete instruction which they need for the purposes of their being. It is enough that others serve another power, and cannot therefore be consequent servants of Humanity. They might, and they will, to a great extent, and most usefully, give the same knowledge, but they cannot give it with the same logical consistency as we do. They may help us, but we finally supersede them.

The reader will perceive that no pope, no mediæval priest, ever made a vaster claim, or set up a more infallible right. When what is technically called an "Appeal" is made for the Home Mission, for the favourite parochial scheme of evangelization, or for the missionary to the heathen, conventionally so called, it is of ordinary usage to give a wide and vague description of the blessings to be secured by the special "work" for which the sympathies of a Christian people are appealed to; but few, even of the most fervent, venture to say "this agency, and this alone, can instruct" the ignorant. We, and we alone, are the men who can save our race. This, however, Mr. Congreve says without hesitation; to him it is *tout simple*. Of all the complicated subjects in the world, this one of education is the most difficult; but he is provided with the machinery which can solve all difficulties, the organization which has the final power in its hands. What is the appeal he makes after this grand introduction? Has he a Priesthood ready to enter upon its work; has he a band of eager disciples ready, if only the means are furnished, to set the new world in the right way at once; has he an Apostolate at least, wanting only that "penny siller" which is nowadays the indispensable con-

dition of all benevolent enterprises? We turn the page, and we find stated in all simplicity the modest boundary of the new Religion's hopes.

Those who recognize the insufficiency of other educational schemes, the incompetence of other clergies, . . . to all such I appeal for aid in forwarding the formation of the new Priesthood. I cannot say how urgent I think this question, how important is a steady uninterrupted effort to base on a solid foundation the fund for the Priesthood of the human faith. . . . Immediately this only concerns one, but that one is of the highest importance. To form a fund sufficient, both in amount and certainty, to dispense with the great pressure upon our director's energies, that is the most immediate object we can set before us. I may do what he would not do, urge this on all Positivists, and, indeed, on all who sympathize with us from outside.

Alas for the world and its chance of renovation! alas for the children of Humanity whom only the Priesthood of Humanity can fully instruct! There is but one priest in question, one man whom all Positivists are entreated to unite in making a provision for, so that he may devote all his energies to the new-born Church. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Surely the members of the young community, were they half as much in earnest as Mr. Congreve, would soon find means of liberating M. Lafitte, the spiritual director of their sect, the head of their religion, so to speak, from the temporal work which divides his thoughts with the care of his flock. If it is true, according to the vulgar idea, that liberality in offerings is the best sign of warm partisanship and strong conviction, then we fear Positivism, after all, must have a weaker claim upon its votaries than is to be desired. In the same discourse, a page further on, the preacher makes another most modest suggestion, too gentle to be called an appeal, which still further exposes the unfortunate contrast between the splendid pretensions of the new sect, and the means it possesses of carrying them out.

Secondly, I think we should keep before us the question of acquiring some room or rooms where lectures might be given, where even more elementary teaching might be given if wanted—a Positive school or institute, as it might be called. This is a point which already has struck some of our body. I can only beg of them not to lose sight of it, but to see how far and where it is realizable. . . . It remains essential for us in any case to see whether we can provide ourselves with a local habitation—a seat of Positivism.

Was there ever a more modest, more touching suggestion of a want? What! one room only, one poor room! to make a home for a great philosophy, a universal religion? We do not know how the reader may feel, but we confess that our first impulse was to reply promptly—Yes, certainly, you amiable soul! you shall have a room, and that at once. Poor though we are, (and where is the critic who is not poor?) we can yet manage to make this little sacrifice, nay, even to buy a plaster bust or two to adorn the same and make you happy. We put on record the instinctive response of our heart, in which we have no doubt the reader will sympathize, for our own satisfaction, and because perhaps it may please Mr. Congreve to hear of it. But we have great pleasure in informing the public that the sacrifice which we were so genially disposed to make has not been necessary, but that the Positivist body itself has proved equal to the task imposed upon it, and that the Room has been attained. Here is our mild Apostle's own account of so gratifying a fact:—

In England, during the past year, we have made a great advance. When, on the last anniversary of this festival, I mentioned certain objects as desirable, I had little expectation that we should, by the next anniversary, have got so far towards their attainment. We have been now for nine months in possession of this room, and the gain to our cause has been, and will be, undoubtedly great. It gives us a centre of action, a place to which those who wish to hear more of our teaching may come, as well as a rallying-point for ourselves; and it gives us, moreover, what is on all grounds so valuable to us, a sense of permanence. It gives us the unity of place in exchange for the unpleasant but necessary changes to which we were previously driven. It enables our associations to fix themselves, and to gain the strength which fixity gives. It is in the highest degree calculated to promote our sense of order. There is good reason, I think, to hope that it will give a very strong impulse to our progress. Nor is it the mere room we have, but in the collection of the busts of the calendar which ornament our walls, together with the pictures which, as the room becomes drier, may be added in increasing numbers, we see not merely with gratitude the liberality of our members, but the evidence of that worship of the dead which is characteristic of Positivism, and the beginnings of that artistic develop-

ment which it sets before it as one of its great ends. None can enter the room and give the most passing attention to that series of busts without being struck with the historical character which attaches to our religion. They should be, and will be, a valuable impression* for all, and the Positivist cause is much indebted to those who have placed them there.

We cannot conclude more fitly than with this gratifying announcement. The Room (it is surely worth a capital) is situated in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, No. 19. There Mr. Congreve preaches on Sunday-mornings, taking "the practical and religious side of the subjects," and Mr. Beesly on Sunday evenings taking "the historical side." There all men who will may be informed by the collection of busts and the pictures, which no doubt has been added to by this time; there we may learn how to say a litany to Humanity, and pray to that great Being, and contemplate, in and through Humanity, the august figure of M. Comte. There, too, we may be taught how to love Space, and to understand the responsive passion of that highly comprehensible entity. Furthermore, if you wish it, dear reader, you may there be initiated into the dates and names of the new religion, and date your letter Moses 19th, instead of January 19th, Aristotle instead of March, Dante instead of July, Gutenberg instead of September; and so forth. The first day of Moses in the 86th year of the blessed French Revolution, for instance, would be the date in the Calendar at No. 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, for what we called the 1st of January 1874 in profane parlance. Think of that, all who aspire to superiority and singularity! To be sure, in the present rudimentary state of the community, this system of dates is troublesome, since the old-world, effete Christian date must still be added to insure comprehension; but in the natural course of events the old must displace the new, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs will no doubt come to an end.

* We feel too much attached to Mr. Congreve to criticise his grammar or his mode of expressing himself; but it troubles our limited intelligence to know how a series of busts can be "a valuable impression." We admit, however, that after our effort to comprehend the love of Space and the worship of Humanity, we may have got a little confused as to what words mean.

A GOOD deal of attention has lately been paid to the daughters of Louis XV. Attempts have been made by some to prove that one of the six was a saint, by others to prove that three at least were stained with abominable crimes. Both are alike unsuccessful. M^{de}. Louise appears, from an article by M. Jules Soury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to have been diseased in mind and body, a mixture of wounded vanity, ambition, casuistry, and intrigue. The others had, in greater or less degree, the merits and defects of the house of Bourbon. Voluptuous and full-blooded, devoted to the pleasures of the table and the chase, with constitutions prone to hereditary disease, and good natural abilities debased by the wretched education of the convent and the Court, and soured by the disappointments of a useless life, they were but ill-fitted to bolster up a falling dynasty, to foster the feeling of loyalty in an exasperated people, to recommend the precepts of Ultramontanism to a nation of sceptics and Encyclopedists. Their influence over their unhappy niece, Marie Antoinette, was for evil, as she herself at last recognized. Their language was too free for the by no means fastidious courtiers of the eighteenth century. The affection which they bore their father, one of the redeeming traits in their character, deep and self-sacrificing as it was, was too effusive to escape scandal. The little traits which distinguished the sisters, except the scheming devotee Louise, and perhaps the timid Sophie, are well brought out by M. Soury, who is a careful student and able exponent of character. Their dispositions were mainly Bourbon, intermingled with some Polish traits inherited from their mother, Maria Leczinska, whose joyless destiny irresistibly reminds us of Catharine of Braganza, as the records of the Louis Quinze period so often recall the vivid pages of Pepys and the England of his day. The record of their lives is in itself no great contribution to history. The eldest, Elizabeth, became the wife of the third son of Philip V. of Spain, afterwards Duke of Parma, a dissolute, weak-minded prince, who was always out at elbows. She was known as the poor Duchess, and was saved from utter misery by her love for her children, a feature which she shared in common with her father, Louis XV. The others were never married. M^{de}. Louise, the youngest, retired in 1770 to the Carmelite monastery of St. Denis, her "angel" being Julienne de MacMahon, and became the mainspring of Jesuit intrigues and Ultramontane intolerance, and a passionate collector of all sorts of relics, especially the entire bodies of saints. Only two, Adelaide and Victoire, were living when the Revolution—which their father had but too surely foreseen, and had done his best to render inevitable—burst upon France. They fled to Rome, and, on the approach of the revolutionary armies, to Trieste, where Victoire died in May, 1799. Her sister, the impetuous and masculine Adelaide, did not long

survive her, and died in great obscurity on February 18, 1800. All who are interested in the domestic history of the period which preceded the great Revolution should turn to this article. M. Soury has consulted the chief works recently published and a number of inedited documents, and he has invested with wonderful life and reality the biography of these last daughters of the House of France.

Academy.

It is stated that in 1849 a brother of King Coffee, named Aquasi Boachi, and then of about twenty years of age, lived at Vienna for several months. He was taken from Coomassie by some Dutchmen at the age of nine, brought up at Amsterdam, and afterwards sent to the School of Mines at Freiberg. He spoke three or four European languages, and showed much intelligence and love of study. Not wishing to return to his country, he entered the service of the Dutch colony at Batavia, where he was found by the *Novara* expedition, holding the office of director of mines, and enjoying the respect of all with whom he was brought in contact. Academy.

WITH the object of improving the means of communication between Russia and Turkey, an agreement was entered into last year between the two governments to grant to a Dane of the name of Tityen a concession to lay down and work a submarine cable between Odessa and Constantinople. By virtue of this concession, Tityen formed a company, and on May 11 last the task of laying the cable was successfully accomplished. The line has since been thoroughly tried, and is now in working order, the charge being fixed at 14 francs for an ordinary message from any inland town of Russia to one in Turkey, and 12 francs from Odessa to Constantinople. Academy.

ACCORDING to the most recent and careful calculations, the population of Japan amounts to 33,000,000. The country is divided into 717 districts, 12,000 towns, and 76,000 villages, containing an aggregate of about 7,000,000 houses, and no less than 98,000 Buddhist temples. Among the population are included 29 princes and princesses, 1,300 nobles, 1,000,000 peasants (about half of whom are hired labourers), and about 800,000 merchants and shopkeepers. The number of cripples is estimated at about 100,000, and there are 6,464 prisoners in confinement throughout the country. Academy.